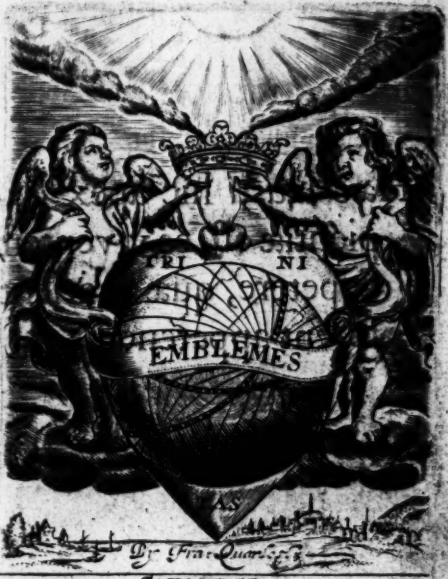
Octavius Graham Gilchrist



CAMBRIDGE.
Printed by RD. for Francis. Eglesfeild. and are to be sold at the signe of the Marigold in St Pauls Church-yard. 1635.
W.M. scul:

Hæc laus, hic apex Sapientiæ est, ea viventem appetere, quæ morienti forent appetenda.

TO

My much honoured, and no leſſe truly beloved Friend, EDW. BENLOWES, *Eſquire.*

My dear Friend,

Ou have put the Theorboe *into my hand, and I have played: You gave the Muſician the firſt encouragement; the Muſick returneth to you for Patronage. Had it been a light Ayre, no doubt but it had taken the moſt; and among them the worſt: But being a grave Strayn, my hopes are, that it will pleaſe the beſt; and among them, You. Toyiſh Ayres pleaſe triviall eares: They kiſſe the fancy, and betray it: They cry,* Hail, *firſt; and after,* Crucifie: *Let* Dorrs

delight to immerd themſelves in dung: whileſt Eagles *ſcorn ſo poore a Game as Flies. Sir, you have Art and Candour: Let the one judge, let the other excuſe*

Your moſt affectionate

Friend,

FRA. QUARLES

What heere wee see is but a graven face
Onely the shaddow of y^r brittle case
Wherein were trea sured up those gems wch he
Hath left behind him to Posterity

To the Reader.

AN *Embleme* is but a ſilent Parable. Let not the tender Eye check, to ſee the alluſion to our bleſſed Saviour figured in theſe Types. In holy Scripture, he is ſometimes called a Sower; ſometimes, a Fiſher; ſometimes a Phyſician: And why not preſented ſo as well to the eye as to the eare? Before the knowledge of letters God was known by *Hieroglyphicks*: And, indeed, what are the Heavens, the Earth, nay every Creature, but *Hieroglyphicks* and *Emblemes* of His Glory? I have no more to ſay. I wiſh thee as much pleaſure in the reading, as I had in the writing. Farewell, Reader.

BY Fathers back'd, by Holy Writ led on,
Thou ſhew'ſt a way to Heav'n by Helicon:
The Muſes Font is conſecrate by Thee,
And Poeſie, baptiz'd Divinitie:
Bleſt ſoul, that here embark'ſt: Thou ſail'ſt (apace,
'T is hard to ſay, mov'd more by Wit, or Grace;
Each Muſe ſo plyes her Oar: but O, the Sail
Is fill'd from Heav'n with a Diviner Gale:
When Poets prove Divines, why ſhould not I
Approve in Verſe this Divine Poetry?
Let this ſuffice to licence thee the Preſſe;
I muſt no more; nor could the Truth ſay leſſe.

Sic approbavit

RICH. LOVE

Procan. *Cantabrigienſis.*

Tot *Flores* QUARLES, quot *Paradiſus*, habet.

Lectori bene-*male*-volo.

Qui legit ex *Horto* hoc *Flores*, *Qui* carpit, *Uterq;*
Jure poteſt VIOLAS dicere, jure ROSAS.
Non è *Parnaſſo* VIOLAM, *Peſtive* ROSETO
Carpit *Apollo*, magis quæ ſit amœna, ROSAM.
Quot *Verſus*, VIOLAS *legis*; & *Quem verba* locutum
Credis, *verba* dedit: Nam dedit *Ille* ROSAS.
Utque *Ego* non dicam hæc VIOLAS ſuaviſſima; *Tute*
Ipſe facis VIOLAS, *Livide*, ſi *violas*.
Nam volut è VIOLIS ſibi ſugit *Aranea* virus:
Vertis ità in ſuccos *Has*, *Has*q; tuos.
Quas *violas Muſas*, VIOLAS, puto, quaſque recuſas,
Dente tuo *roſas*, has, reor, eſſe ROSAS.
Sic *roſas*, facis eſſe ROSAS, dum, *Zoile*, rodis:
Sic facis has VIOLAS, *Livide*, dum *violas*.

Brent-Hall. 1634.

EDVV. BENLOVVES.

Dum Cœlum aspicio, Solum despicio.

THE FIRST BOOK.

The Invocation.

ROwze thee, my ſoul; and drein thee from the dregs
Of vulgar thoughts: Skrue up the heightned pegs
Of thy ſublime Theorboe foure notes higher,
And higher yet; that ſo, the ſhrill-mouth'd Quire
Of ſwift-wing'd Seraphims may come and joyn,
And make thy conſort more than halfe divine.
Invoke no Muſe; Let heav'n be thy *Apollo*;
And let his ſacred influences hallow
Thy high-bred ſtrains; Let his full beams inſpire
Thy raviſh'd brains with more heroick fire:
Snatch thee a Quill from the ſpread Eagles wing,
And, like the morning Lark, mount up and ſing:
Caſt off theſe dangling plummets, that ſo clog
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog
Of dungeon-earth; Let fleſh and bloud forbear
To ſtop thy flight, till this baſe world appear
A thin blew Lanskip: Let thy pineons ſore
So high a pitch, that men may ſeem no more
Than Piſmires, crawling on this Mole-hill earth,
Thy eare untroubled with their frantick mirth;
Let not the frailtie of thy fleſh diſturb
Thy new-concluded peace; Let Reaſon curb
Thy hot-mouth'd Paſſion; and let heav'ns fire ſeaſon
The freſh Conceits of thy corrected Reaſon.
Diſdain to warm thee at Luſts ſmokie fires,
Scorn, ſcorn to feed on thy old bloat deſires:
Come, come, my ſoul, hoyſe up thy higher ſails,
The wind blowes fair? Shall we ſtill creep like Snails,

That

That gild their wayes with their own native ſlimes?
No, we muſt flie like Eagles, and our Rhimes
Muſt mount to heav'n and reach th' Olympick ear;
Our heav'n-blown fire muſt ſeek no other Sphear.

Thou great *Theantropos*, that giv'ſt and ground'ſt
Thy gifts in duſt; and from our dunghill crown'ſt
Reflected Honour, taking by retail,
What thou haſt giv'n in groſſe, from lapſed, frail,
And ſinfull man; that drink'ſt full draughts, wherein
Thy Childrens leprous fingers, ſcurf'd with Sin,
Have padled, cleanſe, O cleanſe my crafty Soul
From ſecret crimes, and let my thoughts controul
My thoughts: O, teach me ſtoutly to deny
My ſelf, that I may be no longer I:
Enrich my fancie, clarifie my thoughts,
Refine my droſſe; O, wink at humane faults;
And through this ſlender conduit of my Quill
Convey thy Current, whoſe clear ſtreams may fill
The hearts of men with love, their tongues with prayſe:
Crown me with Glory: Take, who liſt, the Bayes.

I.

Totus inunctus in maligno (mali ligno) positus est.

Will Marshall sculp:

I.

Jam. 1. 14.

Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust, and enticed.

Serpent. *Eve.*

Serp. NOt eat? Not taſt? Not touch? Not caſt an eye
Upon the fruit of this fair Tree? And why?
Why eat'ſt thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food?
Or canſt thou think that bad which heav'n call'd Good?
Why was it made, if not to be enjoy'd?
Neglect of favours makes a favour void:
Bleſſings unus'd, pervert into a Waſt,
As well as Surfets; Woman, Do but taſt:
See how the laden boughs make ſilent ſuit
To be enjoy'd; Look how their bending fruit
Meet thee half-way; Obſerve but how they crouch
To kiſſe thy hand; Coy woman, Do but touch:
Mark what a pure Vermilion bluſh has dy'd
Their ſwelling cheeks, and how for ſhame they hide
Their palſie heads, to ſee themſelves ſtand by
Neglected: Woman, Do but caſt an eye.
What bounteous heav'n ordain'd for uſe, refuſe not;
Come, pull and eat: Y' abuſe the thing ye uſe not.

Eve. Wiſeſt of Beaſts, our great Creatour did
Reſerve this Tree, and this alone forbid;
The reſt are freely ours, which doubtleſſe are
As pleaſing to the taſt; to th' eye, as fair;
But touching this, his ſtrict commands are ſuch,
'Tis death to taſt, no leſſe than death to touch.

Serp.

Serp. Pish; death 's a fable: Did not heav'n inspire,
Your equall Elements with living Fire,
Blown from the spring of life? Is not that breath
Immortall? Come; ye are as free from death
As He that made ye. Can the flames expire
Which he has kindled? Can ye quench his fire?
Did not the great Creatours voice proclaim
What ere he made (from the blue spangled frame
To the poore leaf that trembles) very Good?
Blest he not both the Feeder, and the Food?
Tell, tell me then, what danger can accrue
From such blest Food, to such half-gods as you?
Curb needlesse fears, and let no fond conceit
Abuse your freedome; woman, Take, and eat.

Eve. 'T is true; we are immortall; death is yet
Unborn, and, till rebellion make it debt,
Undue; I know the Fruit is good, untill
Presumtuous disobedience make it ill.
The lips that open to this Fruit 's a portall
To let in death, and make immortall mortall.

Serp. You cannot die; Come, woman, Tast and fear not:

Eve. Shall *Eve* transgresse? I dare not, O I dare not.

Serp. Afraid? why draw 'st thou back thy tim'rous arm?
Harm onely fals on such as fear a harm.
Heav'n knowes and fears the virtue of this Tree:
'T will make ye perfect Gods as well as He.
Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondnesse never
Fear death; Do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.

Eve. 'T is but an Apple; and it is as good
To do as to desire. Fruit 's made for food:
Ile pull, and tast, and tempt my *Adam* too
To know the secrets of this dainty. *Serp.* Doe.

S. Chrys.

S. Chrys. ſup. Matth.

He forced him not: He touched him not: Onely ſaid, Caſt thy ſelf down; *that we may know, whoſoever obeyeth the Devil caſteth himſelfe down: For the Devil may ſuggeſt, compell he cannot.*

S. Bern. in ſer.

It is the Devils part to ſuggeſt; Ours, not to conſent. As oft as we reſiſt him, ſo often we overcome him; as often as we overcome him, ſo often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God; Who propoſeth us, that we may contend, and aſſiſteth us, that we may conquer.

Epig. I.

Unluckie Parliament! wherein, at laſt,
Both houſes are agreed, and firmly paſt
An Act of death, confirm'd by higher Powers:
O had it had but ſuch ſucceſſe as Ours!

II.

Sic malum cæcuit vnicum in omne malum.

Will: Marshall sculpsit

II.

James 1.15.

Then when luſt hath conceived, it bringeth forth ſinne; and ſinne when it is finiſhed bringeth forth death.

1

LAment, lament; Look, look what thou haſt done!
Lament the worlds, lament thy own eſtate:
Look, look by doing how thou art undone;
Lament thy fall; lament thy change of State:
Thy faith is broken, and thy freedome gone,
See, ſee too ſoon, what thou lament'ſt too late.
O thou that wert ſo many men, nay all
Abbridg'd in one, how has thy deſp'rate fall
Deſtroy'd thy unborn ſeed, deſtroy'd thy ſelf withall.

2

Uxorious *Adam*, whom thy maker made
Equall to Angels that excell in pow'r,
What haſt thou done? O why haſt thou obey'd
Thy own deſtruction? Like a new-cropt flowre
How does the glory of thy beauty fade!
How are thy fortunes blaſted in an houre!
How art thou cow'd, that had'ſt the pow'r to quell
The ſpite of new-fall'n Angels, baffle Hell,
And vie with thoſe that ſtood, and vanquiſh thoſe that fell.

3

See how the world (whoſe chaſt and pregnant womb
Of late conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)
Is now degenerated, and become
A baſe Adultreſſe, whoſe falſe births do fill
The earth with Monſters, Monſters that do rome
And rage about, and make a trade to kill:
Now Glutt'ny paunches; Luſt begins to ſpawn;
Wrath takes revenge; and Avarice, a pawn;
Pale Envie pines, Pride ſwells, and Sloth begins to yawn.

4

The Aire that whiſper'd, now begins to rore,
And bluſtring Boreas blowes the boyling Tide;
The white-mouth'd Water now uſurps the ſhore,
And ſcorns the pow'r of her tridentall guide;
The Fire now burns, that did but warm before,
And rules her ruler with reſiſtleſſe pride:
Fire, Water, Earth and Aire, that firſt were made
To be ſubdu'd, ſee how they now invade;
They rule whom once they ſerv'd, cōmand, where once obey'd

5

Behold; that nakedneſſe, that late bewray'd
Thy glory, now 's become thy ſhame, thy wonder:
Behold; thoſe Trees whoſe various fruits were made
For food, now turn'd a ſhade to ſhrowd thee under:
Behold; that voice (which thou haſt diſobey'd)
That late was muſick, now affrights like thunder:
Poor man! Are not thy joynts grown ſore with ſhaking,
To view th' effect of thy bold undertaking,
That in one houre didd'ſt marre, what heav'n ſix dayes was (making?

S. Augustr.

S. Augustr. lib. 1. de lib. arbit.

It is a moſt juſt puniſhment, that man ſhould loſe that freedome which man could not uſe, yet had power to keep if he would; and that he who had knowledge to do what was right, and did not, ſhould be deprived of the knowledge of what was right; and that he who would not do righteouſly when he had the power, ſhould loſe the power to do it, when he had the will.

Hugo de anima.

They are juſtly puniſhed that abuſe lawfull things, but they are moſt juſtly puniſhed, that uſe unlawfull things: Thus Lucifer fell from Heaven: thus Adam loſt his Paradiſe.

Epig. 2.

See how theſe fruitfull kernels, being caſt
Upon the earth, how thick they ſpring! how faſt!
A full-ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud;
Prepoſt'rous man firſt ſow'd, and then he plough'd.

III.

Vt potiar, patior. Patieris, non potieris.

III.

PROVERBS 14. 13.

Even in laughter the heart is ſorrowfull, and the end of that mirth is heavineſſe.

1

ALas fond Child,
How are thy thoughts beguil'd,
To hope for hony from a neſt of waſps?
Thou maiſt as well
Go ſeek for eaſe in hell,
Or ſprightly Nectar from the mouths of aſps.

2

The world 's a hive,
From whence thou canſt derive
No good, but what thy ſouls vexation brings:
Put caſe thou meet
Some peti-peti ſweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thouſand ſtings.

3

Why doſt thou make
Theſe murm'ring troups forſake
The ſafe protection of their waxen homes?
This hive contains
No ſweet that 's worth thy pains;
There 's nothing here, alas, but empty combes.

4

For traſh and toyes,
And grief-ingend'ring joyes,
What torment ſeems too ſharp for fleſh and bloud!
What bitter pills,
Compos'd of reall ills,
Man ſwallows down to purchaſe one falſe good!

5

The dainties here,
Are leaſt what they appear;
Though ſweet in hopes, yet in fruition ſowre:
The fruit that 's yellow,
Is found not alwayes mellow:
The faireſt Tulip's not the ſweeteſt flowre.

6

Fond youth, give ore,
And vex thy ſoul no more
In ſeeking what were better farre unfound;
Alas thy gains
Are onely preſent pains
To gather Scorpions for a future wound.

7

What's earth? or in it,
That longer then a minit
Can lend a free delight that can endure?
O who would droyl,
Or delve in ſuch a ſoyl,
Where gain 's uncertain and the pain is ſure?

S. Augusr.

S. Augustr.

Sweetneſſe in temporall matters is deceitfull: It is a labour and a perpetuall feare; it is a dangerous pleaſure, whoſe beginning is without providence, and whoſe end is not without repentance.

Hugo.

Luxury is an enticing pleaſure, a baſtard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a ſting in her tail.

Epig. 3.

What, *Cupid*, are thy ſhafts already made?
And ſeeking honey, to ſet up thy trade?
True Embleme of thy ſweets! Thy Bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails, a ſting.

IV.

Quis leuior? cui felix frondeus addit amor.

IV.

Psalm 62. 9.

To be laid in the ballance, it is altogether lighter then vanitie.

1

Put in another weight: 'T is yet too light:
And yet: Fond *Cupid*, put another in;
And yet another: Still there 's under weight;
Put in another hundred: Put again.
Adde world to world; then heap a thouſand more
To that; then, to renew thy waſted ſtore,
Take up more worlds on truſt, to draw thy balance lower.

2

Put in the fleſh, with all her loads of pleaſure;
Put in great *Mammons* endleſſe inventory;
Put in the pond'rous acts of mighty *Ceſar*;
Put in the greater weight of *Swedens* glory;
Adde *Scipio's* gauntlet; put in *Plato's* gown:
Put *Circes* charms, put in the triple crown.
Thy balance will not draw; thy balance will not down.

3

Lord, what a world is this, which day and night,
Men ſeek with ſo much toyl, with ſo much trouble?
Which weigh'd in equall ſcales is found ſo light,
So poorly over-balanc'd with a bubble?
Good God! that frantick mortals ſhould deſtroy
Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy
Upon ſuch airy traſh, upon ſo light a toy!

Thou

4

Thou bold Impoſtour, how haſt thou befool'd
The tribe of Man with counterfeit deſire!
How has the breath of thy falſe bellows cool'd
Heav'ns free-born flames, and kindled baſtard fire!
How haſt thou vented droſſe in ſtead of treaſure,
And cheated man with thy falſe weights and meaſure,
Proclaiming bad for good, and gilding death with pleaſure!

5

The world 's a craftie Strumpet, moſt affecting
And cloſely following thoſe that moſt reject her;
But ſeeming careleſſe, nicely diſreſpecting
And coyly flying thoſe that moſt affect her:
If thou be free, ſhe 's ſtrange, if ſtrange ſhe 's free;
Flee, and ſhe follows; Follow, and ſhe 'll flee:
Then ſhe there's none more coy, there's none more fond then (ſhe.

6

O what a Crocodilian world is this,
Compos'd of treacheries, and enſnaring wiles!
She cloaths deſtruction in a formall kiſſe,
And lodges death in her deceitfull ſmiles;
She hugs the ſoul ſhe hates; and there does prove
The verieſt tyrant where ſhe vowes to love,
And is a Serpent moſt, when moſt ſhe ſeems a Dove.

7

Thrice happy he, whoſe nobler thoughts deſpiſe
To make an object of ſo eaſie gains;
Thrice happy he, who ſcorns ſo poore a prize
Should be the crown of his heroick pains:
Thrice happy he, that ne'r was born to trie
Her frowns or ſmiles; or being born, did lie
In his ſad nurſes arms an houre or two, and die.

S. Augustr.

S. Augustr. lib. Confeſſ.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward then the world can give; and what is the world but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from leſſer to greater perils? O let all her vain, light, and momentany glory periſh with her ſelf, and let us be converſant with more eternall things. Alas, this world is miſerable; life is ſhort, and death is ſure.

EPIG. 4.

My ſoul, what 's lighter then a feather? wind.
Then wind? The fire. And what then fire? The mind.
What 's lighter then the mind? A thought. Then thought?
This bubble-world. What then this bubble? Nought.

V.

His vestitur orbis.

V.

1. Cor. 7. 31.

The faſhion of this world paſſeth away.

GOne are thoſe golden dayes, wherein
Pale conſcience ſtarted not at ugly ſinne:
When good old *Saturnes* peacefull Throne
Was unuſurped by his beardleſſe Son:
When jealous *Ops* ne'r fear'd th' abuſe
Of her chaſt bed, or breach of nuptiall Truce:
When juſt *Aſtræa* poys'd her Scales
In mortall hearts, whoſe abſence earth bewails:
When froth-born *Venus* and her brat,
With all that ſpurious brood young *Jove* begat,
In horrid ſhapes were yet unknowne;
Thoſe Halcyon dayes, that golden age is gone.
There was no Client then to wait
The leiſure of his long-tayl'd Advocate;
The Talion Law was in requeſt,
And Chaunc'ry courts were kept in ev'ry breſt;
Abuſed Statutes had no Tenters,
And men could deal ſecure without indentures:
There was no peeping hole to clear
The Wittals eye from his incarnate fear;
There were no luſtfull Cinders then
To broyl the Carbonado'd hearts of men;
The roſie cheek did then proclaim
A ſhame of Guilt, but not a guilt of ſhame:
There was no whining ſoul to ſtart
At *Cupids* twang, or curſe his flaming dart;

The

The Boy had then but callow wings,
And fell *Erynnis* Scorpions had no ſtings:
The better-acted world did move
Upon the fixed poles of Truth and Love.
Love eſſenc'd in the hearts of men;
Then Reaſon rul'd; there was no Paſſion then;
Till Luſt and Rage began to enter,
Love the Circumference was, and love the Center.
Untill the wanton dayes of *Jove*
The ſimple world was all compos'd of Love;
But *Jove* grew fleſhly, falſe, unjuſt;
Inferiour beautie fill'd his veins with luſt;
And Cucquean *Juno's* fury hurld
Fierce balls of rage into th' inceſtuous world:
Aſtrea fled, and love return'd
From earth, earth boyl'd with luſt, with rage it burn'd:
And ever ſince the world has been
Kept going with the ſcourge of Luſt and Spleen.

S. Ambros.

S. Ambros.

Luſt is a ſharp ſpur to vice, which alwayes putteth the affections into a falſe gallop.

Hugo.

Luſt is an immoderate wantonneſſe of the fleſh, a ſweet poyſon, a cruel peſtilence; a pernicious potion, which weakeneth the body of man, and effeminateth the ſtrength of an heroick mind.

S. Augvst.

Envy is the hatred of anothers felicitie: in reſpect of Superiours, becauſe they are not equall to them; in reſpect of Inferiours, leſt he ſhould be equall to them; in reſpect of equalls, becauſe they are equall to them: Through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and the death of Chriſt.

Epig. 5.

What? *Cupid*, muſt the world be laſht ſo ſoon?
But made at morning, and be whipt at noon?
'Tis like the wagge that playes with *Venus* Doves,
The more 't is laſht, the more perverſe it proves.

VI.

In cruce tuta quies

VI.

Eccles. 2. 17.

All is vanitie and vexation of ſpirit.

1

How is the anxious ſoul of man befool'd
In his deſire,
That thinks an Hectick fever may be cool'd
In flames of fire,
Or hopes to rake full heaps of burniſht gold
From naſty mire!
A whining Lover may as well requeſt
A ſcornfull breaſt
To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for reſt.

2

Let wit and all her ſtudied plots effect
The beſt they can;
Let ſmiling Fortune proſper and perfect
What wit began;
Let earth adviſe with both, and ſo project
A happy man;
Let wit or fawning Fortune vie their beſt;
He may be bleſt
With all that earth can give: but earth can give no reſt.

5

Whoſe gold is double with a carefull hand,
His cares are double;
The pleaſure, honour, wealth of ſea and land
Bring but a trouble;
The world it ſelf, and all the worlds command,
Is but a bubble.
The ſtrong deſires of mans inſatiate breaſt
May ſtand poſſeſt
Of all that earth can give; but earth can give no reſt.

4

The world 's a ſeeming Par'diſe, but her own
And mans tormenter;
Appearing fixt, yet but a rolling ſtone
Without a tenter;
It is a vaſt Circumference, where none
Can find a Center.
Of more then earth can earth make none poſſeſt;
And he that leaſt
Regards this reſtleſſe world, ſhall in this world find reſt.

5

True reſt conſiſts not in the oft revying
Of worldly droſſe;
Earths mirie purchaſe is not worth the buying;
Her gain is loſſe;
Her reſt, but giddy toil, if not relying
Upon her croſſe.
How worldlings droil for trouble! That fond breaſt
That is poſſeſt
Of earth without a croſſe, has earth without a reſt.

CASS. in Pſ.

The Croſſe is the invincible ſanctuary of the humble: The dejection of the proud, the victory of Chriſt, the deſtruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithfull, the death of the unbeliever, the life of the juſt.

DAMASCEN.

The Croſſe of Chriſt is the key of Paradiſe: the weak mans ſtaff: the Converts convoy: the upright mans perfection: the ſoul and bodies health: the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.

EPIG. 6.

Worldlings, whoſe whimpring folly holds the loſſes
Of honour, pleaſure, health and wealth ſuch croſſes,
Look here, and tell me what your Arms engroſſe,
When the beſt end of what ye hug 's a croſſe.

VII.

Latet hostis, et otia ducis?

VII.

I. Peter 5. 8.

Be ſober, be vigilant, becauſe your adverſary the devil as a roring Lion walketh about ſeeking whom he may devoure.

1

WHy doſt thou ſuffer luſtfull ſloth to creep,
Dull Cyprian lad, into thy wanton browes?
Is this a time to pay thine idle vowes
At *Morpheus* ſhrine? Is this a time to ſteep
Thy brains in waſtfull ſlumbers? up and rouze
Thy leaden ſpirits: Is this a time to ſleep
Adjourn thy ſanguine dreams: Awake, ariſe,
Call in thy thoughts; and let them all adviſe,
Hadſt thou as many heads as thou haſt wounded eyes.

2

Look, look, what horrid furies do await
Thy flatt'ring ſlumbers! If thy drowzie head
But chance to nod, thou fall'ſt into a bed
Of ſulph'rous flames, whoſe torments want a date.
Fond boy, be wiſe; let not thy thoughts be fed
With Phrygian wiſdome; fools are wiſe too late:
Beware betimes, and let thy reaſon ſever
Thoſe gates which paſſion clos'd; wake now, or never:
For if thou nodd'ſt thou fall'ſt: and falling fall'ſt for ever.

3

Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare:
His bow is bent, and he has notch'd his dart;
He aims, he levels at thy ſlumb'ring heart:
The wound is poſting, O be wiſe, beware.
What? has the voyce of danger loſt the art
To raiſe the ſpirit of neglected care?
Well, ſleep thy fill, and take thy ſoft repoſes;
But know withall, ſweet taſts have ſowre cloſes;
And he repents in thorns, that ſleeps in beds of roſes.

4

Yet ſluggard, wake, and gull thy ſoul no more,
With earths falſe pleaſure, and the worlds delight,
Whoſe fruit is fair, and pleaſing to the ſight,
But ſowre in taſt, falſe at the putrid core:
Thy flaring glaſſe is gems at her half light:
She makes thee ſeeming rich, but truly poore:
She boaſts a kernell, and beſtowes a ſhell;
Performs an inch of her fair promis'd ell:
Her words proteſt a Heav'n; her works produce a hell.

5

O thou the fountain of whoſe better part
Is earth'd, and gravell'd up with vain deſire:
That dayly wallow'ſt in the fleſhly mire
And baſe pollution of a luſtfull heart,
That feel'ſt no paſſion but in wanton fire,
And own'ſt no torment but from *Cupids* dart;
Behold thy Type: Thou ſitſt upon this ball
Of earth, ſecure, while death that flings at all,
Stands arm'd to ſtrike thee down, where flames attend thy fall.

S. Bern.

S. Bern.

Securitie is no where; It is neither in Heaven, nor in Paradiſe, much leſſe in the world: In Heaven the Angels fell from the divine preſence; in Paradiſe, Adam fell from his place of pleaſure; in the world, Judas fell from the School of our Saviour

Hugo.

I eat ſecure, I drink ſecure, I ſleep ſecure, even as though I had paſt the day of death, avoided the day of judgement, and eſcaped the torments of hell-fire: I play and laugh, as though I were already triumphing in the kingdome of Heaven.

Epig. 7.

Get up, my ſoul; Redeem thy ſlaviſh eyes,
From drowzy bondage: O beware; Be wiſe:
Thy foe's before thee; thou muſt fight or flie:
Life lies moſt open in a cloſed eye.

VIII.

Et risu necat.

VIII.

Luke 6. 25.

Woe be to you that laugh now, for ye ſhall mourn and weep.

THe world 's a popular diſeaſe, that reignes
Within the froward heart and frantick brains
Of poore diſtemper'd mortals, oft ariſing
From ill digeſtion, through th' unequall poyſing
Of ill-weigh'd Elements, whoſe light directs
Malignant humours to maligne effects.
One raves, and labours with a boyling liver;
Rends hair by handfuls, curſing *Cupids* quiver:
Another with a bloudy-flux of oaths
Vowes deep revenge: one dotes; the other loathes:
One friſks and ſings, and vies a flagon more
To drench dry cares, and makes the welkin rore:
Another droops; the ſunſhine makes him ſad;
Heav'n cannot pleaſe: One 's mop'd; the tother 's mad:
One hugs his gold; another lets it flie:
He knowing not for whom; nor tother why.
One ſpends his day in plots, his night in play;
Another ſleeps and ſlugs both night and day:
One laughs at this thing; tother cries for that;
But neither one nor tother knowes for what.
Wonder of wonders! What we ought t' evite
As our diſeaſe, we hug as our delight:
'T is held a ſymptome of approching danger,
When diſacquainted Senſe becomes a ſtranger,

And

And takes no knowledge of an old diſeaſe;
But when a noyſome grief begins to pleaſe
The unreſiſting ſenſe, it is a fear
That death has parli'd, and compounded there:
As when the dreadfull Thund'rers awfull hand
Powres forth a viall on th' infected land,
At firſt th' affrighted Mortalls quake and fear:
And ev'ry noiſe is thought the Thunderer:
But when the frequent ſoul-departing bell
Has pav'd their ears with her familiar knell,
It is reputed but a nine dayes wonder,
They neither fear the Thund'rer nor his Thunder:
So when the world (a worſe diſeaſe) began
To ſmart for ſinne, poore new-created Man
Could ſeek for ſhelter, and his gen'rous Sonne
Knew by his wages what his hands had done;
But bold-fac'd Mortalls in our bluſhleſſe times
Can ſinne and ſmile, and make a ſport of crimes,
Tranſgreſſe of cuſtome, and rebell in eaſe;
We falſe-joy'd fools can triumph in diſeaſe,
And (as the careleſſe Pilgrime, being bit
By the Tarantula, begins a fit
Of life-concluding laughter) waſt our breath
In laviſh pleaſure, till we laugh to death.

Hugo de anima.

What profit is there in vain glory, momentany mirth, the worlds power, the fleſhes pleaſure, full riches, noble deſcent, and great deſires? Where is their laughter? Where is their mirth? where their inſolence? their arrogance? From how much joy to how much ſadneſſe! After how much mirth, how much miſery! From how great glory are they fallen to how great torments! What hath fallen to them, may befall thee, becauſe thou art a man: Thou art of earth; thou liveſt of earth; thou ſhalt return to earth. Death expecteth thee every-where; be wiſe therefore, and expect death every-where.

Epig. 8.

What ayls the fool to laugh? Does ſomething pleaſe
His vain conceit? Or is 't a mere diſeaſe?
Fool, giggle on, and waſt thy wanton breath;
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

IX.

Feuſtra quis ſtabilem figat in orbe gradum?

IX.

1. JOHN 2. 17.

The world paſſeth away, and all the luſts thereof.

1

DRaw near, brave ſparks, whoſe ſpirits ſcorn to light
Your hallow'd tapours, but at honours flame;
You, whoſe heroick actions take delight
To varniſh over a new-painted name;
Whoſe high-bred thoughts diſdain to take their flight,
But on th' Icarian wings of babbling fame;
Behold, how tott'ring are your high-built ſtories
Of earth, whereon you truſt the ground-work of your glories

2

And you, more brain-ſick Lovers, that can priſe
A wanton ſmile before eternall joyes;
That know no heav'n but in your Miſtreſſe eyes;
That feel no pleaſure but what ſenſe enjoyes:
That can, like crown-diſtemper'd fools deſpiſe
True riches, and like babies whine for toyes:
Think ye, the Pageants of your hopes are able
To ſtand ſecure on earth, when earth it ſelf 's unſtable?

3

Come dunghill worldlings, you that root like ſwine,
And caſt up golden trenches where ye come:
Whoſe onely pleaſure is to undermine
And view the ſecrets of your mothers wombe:
Come bring your Saint, pouch'd in his leather ſhrine,
And ſummon all your griping Angels home.
Behold your world, the bank of all your ſtore:
The world ye ſo admire; the world ye ſo adore.

4

A feeble world, whoſe hot-mouth'd pleaſures tire
Before the race; before the ſtart, retrait;
A faithleſſe world, whoſe falſe delights expire
Before the term of half their promis'd date;
A fickle world, not worth the leaſt deſire,
Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of State:
A feeble, faithleſſe, fickle world, wherein
Each motion proves a vice; and ev'ry act, a ſin.

5

The beautie, that of late was in her flowre,
Is now a ruine, not to raiſe a luſt;
He that was lately drench'd in *Danaes* ſhowre,
Is maſter now of neither gold nor truſt;
Whoſe honour late was mann'd with princely powre,
His glory now lies buried in the duſt;
O who would truſt this world, or prize what 's in it,
That gives and takes, and chops and changes ev'ry minit!

6

Nor length of dayes, nor ſolid ſtrength of brain
Can find a place wherein to reſt ſecure;
The world is various, and the earth is vain:
There 's nothing certain here, there 's nothing ſure:
We trudge, we travel but from pain to pain,
And what 's our onely grief 's our onely cure:
The world 's a torment; he that would endeaver
To find the way to reſt, muſt ſeek the way to leave her.

S. Greg.

S. Greg. in ho.

Behold, the world is withered in it ſelf, yet flouriſheth in our hearts; every where death, every where grief, every where deſolation: On every ſide we are ſmitten; on every ſide filled with bitterneſſe, and yet with the blind mind of carnall deſire we love her bitterneſſe: It flieth, and we follow it; it falleth, yet we ſtick to it: And becauſe we cannot enjoy it fallen, we fall with it, and enjoy it, fallen.

Epig. 9.

If Fortune hale, or envious Time but ſpurn,
The world turns round; and with the world we turn:
When Fortune ſees, and *Lynx*-ey'd Time is blind,
I'll truſt truſt thy joyes, O world; till then, the wind.

X.

Viriusq; crepundia Merces.

X.

John 8. 44.

Ye are of your father the devil, and the luſts of your father ye will do.

HEre 's your right ground: wagge gently o'r this black;
'T is a ſhort caſt; y' are quickly at the jack.
Rub, rub an inch or two; two crowns to one
On this bouls ſide: blow wind, 't is fairly thrown:
The next boul 's worſe that comes, come boul away;
Mammon, you know the ground untutour'd, play;
Your laſt was gone, a yard of ſtrength well ſpar'd,
Had touch'd the block; your hand is ſtill too hard.
Brave paſtime, Readers, to conſume that day,
Which without paſtime flies too ſwift away!
See how they labour; as if day and night
Were both too ſhort to ſerve their looſe delight:
See how their curved bodies wreath, and skrue
Such antick ſhapes as *Proteus* never knew:
One raps an oath, another deals a curſe;
He never better boul'd; this never worſe:
One rubs his itchleſſe elbow, ſhrugs and laughs,
The tother bends his beetle-browes, and chafes:
Sometime they whoop, ſometimes their Stygian cries
Send their black-*Santos* to the bluſhing skies:
Thus mingling humours in a mad confuſion,
They make bad Premiſes, and worſe Concluſion:
But where's the Palm that Fortunes hand allowes
To bleſſe the victours honourable browes?

Come, Reader, come; I'll light thine eye the way
To view the Prize, the while the gameſters play:
Cloſe by the jack, behold, gill fortune ſtands
To wave the game; ſee, in her partiall hands
The glorious garland 's held in open ſhow,
To chear the Lads, and crown the Conq'rours brow.
The world 's the jack; the gameſters that contend,
Are *Cupid*, *Mammon*: that judicious Friend,
That gives the ground, is *Satan*; and the boules
Are ſinfull thoughts: the Prize, a crown for fools.
Who breathes that boules not? what bold tongue can ſay
Without a bluſh, he hath not boul'd to day?
It is the trade of man; and every ſinner
Has plaid his rubbers: Every ſoule 's a winner.
The vulgar Proverb 's croſt: He hardly can
Be a good bouler and an honeſt man.
Good God, turn thou my Brazil thoughts a new;
New ſole my boules, and make their bias true:
I'll ceaſe to game, till fairer ground be given,
Nor wiſh to winne untill the mark be heaven.

S. Bernard

S. Bernard lib. de Conſid.

O you Sonnes of Adam, *you covetous generation, what have ye to do with earthly riches, which are neither true, nor yours. Gold and ſilver are reall earth, red and white, which the onely errour of man makes, or rather reputes, pretious: In ſhort, if they be yours carry them with you.*

S. Hierome. in Ep.

O Luſt, thou infernall fire, whoſe fuell is gluttony; whoſe flame is pride; whoſe ſparkles are wanton words; whoſe ſmoke is infamie; whoſe aſhes are uncleanneſſe; whoſe end is hell.

Epig. 10.

Mammon well follow'd: *Cupid* bravely led;
Both Touchers; equall Fortune makes a dead:
No reed can meaſure where the conqueſt lies;
Take my adviſe; compound, and ſhare the Prize:

XI.

Mundus in exitium ruit.

Wil. Marshal. sculpsit.

XI.

EPHESIANS 2. 2.

Ye walked according to the courſe of this world, according to the Prince of the aire.

1

O Whither will this mad-brain world at laſt
Be driv'n ? where will her reſtleſſe wheels arive ?
Why hurries on her ill-match'd payre ſo faſt ?
O whither means her furious groom to drive ?
What ? will her rambling fits be never paſt ?
For ever ranging ? never once retrive ?
Will earths perpetuall progreſſe ne'r expire ?
Her Team continuing in their freſh careire,
And yet they never reſt, and yet they never tire.

2

Sols hot-mouth'd ſteeds, whoſe noſtrils vomit flame,
And brazen lungs belch forth quotidian fire,
Their twelve houres task perform'd, grow ſtiffe and lame,
And their immortall ſpirits faint and tire :
At th' azure mountains foot their labours claim
The priviledge of reſt, where they retire
To quench their burning fetlocks, and to ſteep
Their flaming noſtrils in the weſtern deep,
And freſh their tired ſoules with ſtrength-reſtoring ſleep.

3

But theſe prodigious hackneyes, baſely got
'Twixt men and devils, made for race nor flight,
Can drag the idle world, expecting not
The bed of reſt, but travel with delight;
Who neither weighing way, nor weather, trot
Through duſt and dirt, and droyl both night and day;
Thus droyl theſe fiends incarnate, whoſe free pains
Are fed with dropſies and venerial blains.
No need to uſe the whip; but ſtrength, to rule the rains.

4

Poore captive world! How has thy lightneſſe given
A juſt occaſion to thy foes illuſion?
O, how art thou betray'd, thus fairly driven
In ſeeming triumph to thy own confuſion?
How is thy empty univerſe bereaven
Of all true joyes, by one falſe Joyes deluſion?
So have I ſeen an unblown virgin fed
With ſugar'd words ſo full, that ſhe is led
A fair attended Bride to a falſe Bankrupts bed.

5

Pull, gracious Lord; Let not thine Arm forſake
The world, impounded in her own deviſes;
Think of that pleaſure that thou once didſt take
Amongſt the Lillies and ſweet Beds of ſpices.
Hale ſtrongly, thou whoſe hand has pow'r to ſlake
The ſwift-foot fury of ten thouſand vices:
Let not that duſt-devouring Dragon boaſt,
His craft has wonne, what Judahs Lion loſt;
Remember what it crav'd; Recount the price it coſt.

ISIDOR.

ISIDOR. lib. 1. De ſummo bono.

By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by ſo much the more fiercely he troubleth it with perſecution; that knowing himſelf is to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.

CYPRIAN in ep.

Broad and ſpatious is the road to infernal life: there are enticements and death-bringing pleaſures. There the Devil flattereth, that he may deceive; ſmileth, that he may endamage; allureth, that he may deſtroy.

EPIG. II.

Nay ſoft and fair good world; poſt not too faſt;
Thy journeys end requires not half this haſt.
Unleſſe that arme thou ſo diſdain'ſt reprives thee,
Alas thou needs muſt go; the devil drives thee.

XII.

Inopem me copia fecit.

Will: Marshall Sculpsit.

XII.

Isaiah 66. 11.

Ye may ſuck, but not be ſatisfied with the breaſt of her conſolation.

1

WHat never fill'd? Be thy lips skrew'd ſo faſt (thee:
To th' earths full breaſt? For ſhame, for ſhame unſeiſe
Thou tak'ſt a ſurfet where thou ſhould'ſt but taſt,
And mak'ſt too much not half enough to pleaſe thee.
Ah fool, forbear; Thou ſwallow'ſt at one breath
Both food & poyſon down; thou draw'ſt both milk & death.

2

The ub'rous breaſts, when fairly drawn, repaſt
The thriving infant with their milkie flood,
But being overſtrain'd, return at laſt
Unwholſome gulps compos'd of wind and bloud.
A mod'rate uſe does both repaſt and pleaſe;
Who ſtrains beyond a mean draws in and gulps diſeaſe.

3

But, O that mean whoſe good the leaſt abuſe
Makes bad, is too too hard to be directed:
Can thorns bring grapes, or crabs a pleaſing juyce?
There 's nothing wholſome, where the whole 's infected.
Unſeiſe thy lips: Earths milk 's a rip'ned core
That drops from her diſeaſe, that matters from her ſore.

Think'ſt

4

Think'ſt thou that paunch that burlyes out thy coat,
Is thriving fat; or fleſh, that ſeems ſo brawny?
Thy paunch is dropſied and thy cheeks are bloat;
Thy lips are white and thy complexion tawny;
Thy skin 's a bladder blown with watry tumours;
Thy fleſh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of humours.

5

And thou whoſe thriveleſſe hands are ever ſtraining
Earths fluent breaſts into an empty ſive,
That alwayes haſt, yet alwayes art complaining,
Aud whin'ſt for more then earth has pow'r to give;
Whoſe treaſure flowes and flees away as faſt;
That ever haſt, and haſt, yet haſt not what thou haſt:

6

Go chooſe a ſubſtance, fool, that will remain
Within the limits of thy leaking meaſure;
Or elſe go ſeek an urne that will retain
The liquid body of thy ſlipp'ry treaſure:
Alas, how poorely are thy labours crown'd?
Thy liquour 's neither ſweet, nor yet thy veſſel ſound

7

What leſſe then fool is Man, to prog and plot,
And laviſh out the cream of all his care,
To gain poore ſeeming goods, which, being got,
Make firm poſſeſſion but a thorow-fare:
Or if they ſtay, they furrow thoughts the deeper,
And being kept with care, they looſe their carefull keeper.

S. Greg.

S. Greg. Hom. 3. ſecund. parte Ezech.

If we give more to the fleſh then we ought, we nouriſh an enemy; If we give not to her neceſſity what we ought, we deſtroy a citizen: The fleſh is to be ſatisfied ſo farre as ſuffices to our good; whoſoever alloweth ſo much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be ſatisfied: To be ſatisfied is a great art; leaſt by the ſatietie of the fleſh we break forth into the iniquitie of her folly.

Hugo de Anima.

The heart is a ſmall thing, but deſireth great matters: It is not ſufficient for a Kites dinner, yet the whole world is not ſufficient for it.

Epig. 12.

What makes thee fool, ſo fat? Fool, thee ſo bare?
Ye ſuck the ſelf-ſame milk, the ſelf-ſame aire:
No mean betwixt all paunch, and skin and bone?
The mean 's a vertue, and the world has none.

XIII.

Da mihi fræna timor; Da mihi calcar amor.
R. Vaughan fecit.

XIII.

JOHN 3. 19.

Men love darkneſſe rather then light, becauſe their deeds are evil.

LOrd, when we leave the world and come to Thee,
How dull, how ſlug are wee!
How backward! how prepoſterous is the motion
Of our ungain devotion!
Our thoughts are milſtones, and our ſouls are lead,
And our deſires are dead:
Our vowes are fairly promis'd, faintly paid;
Or broken, or not made:
Our better work (if any good) attends
Upon our private ends:
In whoſe performance one poore worldly ſcoff
Foyls us, or beats us off.
If thy ſharp ſcourge find out ſome ſecret fault,
We grumble or revolt:
And if thy gentle hand forbear, we ſtray,
Or idly loſe the way.
Is the road fair? we loyter: cloggd with mire?
We ſtick, or elſe retire:
A lamb appears a lyon; and we feare,
Each buſh we ſee 's a bear.
When our dull ſouls direct their thoughts to thee,
The ſoft-pac'd ſnayl is not ſo ſlow as we:
But when at earth we dart our wing'd deſire,
We burn, we burn like fire.

Like

Like as the am'rous needle joyes to bend
To her Magnetick friend:
Or as the greedy Lovers eye-balls flye
At his fair Miſtres eye:
So, ſo we cling to earth; we flie and puff,
Yet flie not faſt enough.
If pleaſure becken with her balmy hand,
Her beck 's a ſtrong command:
If honour call us with her courtly breath,
An houres delay is death:
If profits golden finger'd charms enveigle 's,
We clip more ſwift then Eagles:
Let Auſter weep, or bluſtring Boreas rore
Till eyes or lungs be ſore:
Let Neptune ſwell untill his dropſie-ſides
Burſt into broken tides:
Nor threat'ning rocks, nor winds, nor waves, nor fire
Can curb our fierce deſire;
Nor fire nor rocks can ſtop our furious minds,
Nor waves, nor winds.
How faſt and fearelſſe do our footſteps flee!
The lightfoot Roe-buck 's not ſo ſwift as we.

S. Augustr.

S. Augustᵀ. ſup. Pſal. 64.

Two ſeverall Lovers built two ſeverall Cities; The love of God buildeth a Jeruſalem; The love of the world buildeth a Babylon: Let every one enquire of himſelf what he loveth, and he ſhall reſolve himſelf of whence he is a Citizen.

S. Augustᵀ. lib. 3. Confeſſ.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own center: My weight is my love; by that I am driven whitherſoever I am driven.

Ibidem.

Lord, he loveth thee the leſſe, that loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee.

Epig. 13.

Lord, ſcourge my Aſſe if ſhe ſhould make no haſt,
And curb my Stag if he ſhould flie too faſt:
If he be overſwift, or ſhe prove idle,
Let Love lend ~~him~~ *her* a ſpur: Fear, ~~her~~ *him*, a bridle.

XIV.

Prospere redde diem.

Will. Marshall Sculpsit.

XIV.

Psalm 13. 3.

Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, leſt I ſleep the ſleep of death.

Will 't ne'r be morning? Will that promis'd light
Ne'r break, and clear theſe clouds of night?
Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the day,
Whoſe conqu'ring ray
May chaſe theſe fogs; Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the day.

How long! how long ſhall theſe benighted eyes
Languiſh in ſhades, like feeble flies
Expecting Spring! How long ſhall darkneſſe ſoyl
The face of earth, and thus beguile
Our ſouls of ſprightfull action? when will day
Begin to dawn, whoſe new-born ray
May gild the wether-cocks of our devotion,
And give our unſoul'd ſouls new motion?
Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the day,
Thy light will fray
Theſe horrid miſts; Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the day.

Let thoſe have night, that ſlily love t' immure
Their cloyſter'd crimes, and ſinne ſecure;
Let thoſe have night, that bluſh to let men know
The baſeneſſe they ne'r bluſh to do;
Let thoſe have night, that love to take a nap
And loll in Ignorances lap;

Let thoſe whoſe eyes, like Ouls, abhorre the light,
Let thoſe have night that love the night:
Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the day;
How ſad delay
Afflicts dull hopes! Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the day.

Alas! my light invain-expecting eyes
Can find no Objects but what riſe
From this poore morall blaze, a dying ſpark
Of Vulcans forge, whoſe flames are dark
And dangerous, a dull blew burning light,
As melancholly as the night:
Here's all the Sunnes that gliſter in the Sphere
Of earth: Ah me! what comfort's here?
Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the day;
Haſte, haſte away
Heav'ns loytring lamp; Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the day.

Blow, Ignorance: O thou, whoſe idle knee
Rocks earth into a Lethargie,
And with thy ſootie fingers haſt bedight
The worlds fair cheeks, blow, blow thy ſpite;
Since thou haſt pufft our greater Tapour, do
Puffe on, and out the leſſer too:
If ere that breath-exiled flame return,
Thou haſt not blown, as it will burn:
Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the day;
Light will repay
The wrongs of night: Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the day.

S. Augustr.

S. Augustᵀ. in Joh. ſer. 19.

God is all to thee: If thou be hungry, he is bread; If thirſty, he is water; If in darkneſſe, he is light; If naked, he is a robe of immortalitie.

Alanus de conq. nat.

God is a light that is never darkned; An unwearied life, that cannot die; a fountain alwayes flowing; a garden of life; a ſeminary of wiſdome, a radicall beginning of all goodneſſe.

Epig. 11.

My ſoul, if Ignorance puffe out this light,
Shee 'll do a favour that intends a ſpight:
'T ſeems dark abroad; but take this light away,
Thy windowes will diſcover *break a day.*

XV.

Debilitata fides: Terras Astræa reliquit.

XV.

Revelation 12. 12.

The Devil is come unto you, having great wrath, becauſe he knoweth that he hath but a ſhort time.

1

LOrd! canſt thou ſee and ſuffer? is thy hand
Still bound to th'peace? Shall earths black Monarch take
A full poſſeſſion of thy waſted land,?
O, will thy ſlumb'ring vengeance never wake,
Till full-ag'd law-reſiſting Cuſtome ſhake
The pillours of thy right by falſe command?
Unlock thy clouds, great Thund'rer, and come down;
Behold whoſe Temples wear thy ſacred Crown;
Redreſſe, redreſſe our wrongs; revenge, revenge thy own.

2

See how the bold Uſurper mounts the ſeat
Of royall Majeſty; How overſtrawing
Perils with pleaſure, pointing ev'ry threat
With bugbear death, by torments over-awing
Thy frighted ſubjects; or by favours drawing
Their tempted hearts to his unjuſt retreat;
Lord, canſt thou be ſo mild? and he ſo bold?
Or can thy flocks be thriving, when the fold
Is govern'd by a Fox? Lord, canſt thou ſee and hold?

3

That ſwift-wing'd Advocate, that did commence
Our welcome ſuits before the King of kings,
That ſweet Embaſſadour, that hurries hence
What ayres th' harmonious ſoul or ſighs or ſings,
See how ſhe flutters with her idle wings;
Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by ſenſe:
Senſe conq'ring Faith is now grown blind and cold,
And baſely cravend, that in times of old
Did conquer Heav'n it ſelf, do what th' Almightie could.

4

Behold how double Fraud does ſcourge and tear
Aſtræas wounded ſides, plough'd up and rent
With knotted cords, whoſe fury has no eare;
See how ſhe ſtands a priſ'ner to be ſent,
A ſlave, into eternall baniſhment,
I know not whither, O, I know not where:
Her Patent muſt be cancell'd in diſgrace;
And ſweet-lipt Fraud, with her divided face,
Muſt act *Aſtræas* part, muſt take *Aſtræas* place.

5

Faiths pineons clipt? And fair *Aſtræa* gone?
Quick-ſeeing *Faith* now blind? And *Juſtice* ſee?
Has *Juſtice* now found wings? and has *Faith* none?
What do we here? who would not wiſh to be
Diſſolv'd from earth, and with *Aſtræa* flee
From this blind dungeon to that Sunne-bright Throne?
Lord, is thy Scepter loſt, or laid aſide?
Is hell broke looſe, and all her Fiends untied?
Lord, riſe and rowze, and rule and cruſh their furious pride.

PETR. RAV. in Math.

The Devil is the authour of evil, the fountain of wickedneſſe, the adverſary of the truth, the corrupter of the world, mans perpetuall enemy; he planteth ſnares, diggeth ditches, ſpurreth bodies, he goadeth ſouls, he ſuggeſteth thoughts, belcheth anger, expoſeth vertues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, ſoweth errours, nouriſheth contention, diſturbeth peace, and ſcattereth affections.

MACAR.

Let us ſuffer with thoſe that ſuffer, and be crucified with thoſe that are crucified, that we may be glorified with thoſe that are glorified.

SAVANAR.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victorie; if no victory, no crown.

EPIG. 15.

My ſoul, ſit thou a patient looker on;
Judge not the Play before the Play is done:
Her Plot has many changes: Every day
Speaks a new Scene; the laſt act crowns the Play.

I.

Sic lumine lumen ademptum.

THE SECOND BOOK.

I.

Isaiah 50. 11.

You that walk in the light of your own fire, and in the ſparks that ye have kindled, ye ſhall lie down in ſorrow.

1

DO, ſilly *Cupid*, ſnuffe and trimme
Thy falſe, thy feeble light,
And make her ſelf-conſuming flames more bright;
Me thinks ſhe burns too dimme.
Is this that ſprightly fire,
Whoſe more then ſacred beams inſpire
The raviſht hearts of men, and ſo inflame deſire?

2

See, Boy, how thy unthriftie blaze
Conſumes, how faſt ſhe wains;
She ſpends her ſelf, and her, whoſe wealth maintains
Her weak, her idle rayes.
Cannot thy luſtfull blaſt,
Which gave it luſter, make it laſt?
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleaſure ſpends ſo faſt?

3

Go, Wanton, place thy paie-fac'd light
Where never breaking day
Intends to viſit mortalls, or diſplay
Thy ſullen ſhades of night:
Thy Torch will burn more clear
In nights un-Titan'd Hemiſphere;
Heav'ns ſcornfull flames and thine can never co-appear.

In

4

In vain thy buſie hands addreſſe
Their labour to diſplay
Thy eaſie blaze within the verge of day;
The greater drowns the leſſe:
If Heav'ns bright glory ſhine,
Thy glim'ring ſparks muſt needs reſigne;
Puff out heav'ns glory then, or heav'n will work out thine.

5

Go, *Cupids* rammiſh Pander, go,
Whoſe dull, whoſe low deſire
Can find ſufficient warmth from Natures fire,
Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,
Blow wind, made ſtrong with ſpite;
When thou haſt pufft the greater light,
Thy leſſer ſpark may ſhine, and warm the new-made night.

6

Deluded mortalls, tell me when
Your daring breath has blown
Heav'ns Tapour out, and you have ſpent your own,
What fire ſhall warm ye then?
Ah fools, perpetuall night
Shall haunt your ſouls with Stygian fright,
Where they ſhall boyl in flames, but flames ſhall bring no ſlight.

S. Augustt.

S. Augvst.

The ſufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not ſufficient.

S. Greg. Mor. 25.

By how much the leſſe man ſeeth himſelf, by ſo much the leſſe he diſpleaſeth himſelf; And by how much the more he ſeeth the light of Grace, by ſo much the more he diſdaineth the light of nature.

S. Greg. Mor.

The light of the underſtanding humilitie kindleth, and pride covereth.

Epig. 1.

Thou blowſt heav'ns fire, the whil'ſt thou goeſt about,
Rebellious fool, in vain to blow it out:
Thy folly addes confuſion to thy death;
Heav'ns fire confounds, when fann'd with Follies breath.

II.

Donec totum expleat orbem.

II.

Eccles. 4. 8.

There is no end of all his labour, neither is his eye ſatisfied with riches.

O How our wid'ned arms can over-ſtretch
Their own dimenſions! How our hands can retch
Beyond their diſtance! How our yielding breaſt
Can ſhrink, to be more full, and full poſſeſt
Of this inferiour Orb! How earth refin'd
Can cling to ſordid earth! How kind to kind!
We gape, we graſp, we gripe, adde ſtore to ſtore;
Enough requires too much: too much craves more.
We charge our ſouls ſo ſore beyond their ſtint,
That we recoyl or burſt: The buſie Mint
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
And coyning new deſires; deſires, not knowing
Where next to pitch, but like the boundleſſe Ocean
Gain, and gain ground, and grow more ſtrong by motion.
The pale-fac'd Lady of the black-ey'd night
Firſt tips her horned browes with eaſie light,
Whoſe curious train of ſpangled Nymphs attire
Her next nights glory with encreaſing fire;
Each ev'ning addes more luſter, and adorns
The growing beauty of her graſping horns:
She ſucks and draws her brothers golden ſtore
Untill her glutted Orb can ſuck no more.
Ev'n ſo the Vultur of inſatiate minds
Still wants, and wanting ſeeks, and ſeeking finds

New

New fewel to encreaſe her rav'nous fire,
The grave is ſooner cloyd then mens deſire:
We croſſe the ſeas, and 'midſt her waves we burn,
Tranſporting lifes, perchance that ne'r return;
We ſack, we ranſack to the utmoſt ſands
Of native kingdomes, and of forrein lands;
We travel ſea and ſoyl, we pry, we proul,
We progreſſe, and we prog from pole to pole;
We ſpend our mid-day ſweat, our mid-night oyl,
We tire the night in thought, the day in toyl:
We make Art ſervil, and the Trade gentile,
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile)
To compaſſe earth; and with her empty ſtore
To fill our arms, and graſp one handfull more;
Thus ſeeking reſt, our labours never ceaſe,
But as our years, our hot deſires encreaſe:
Thus we, poore little Worlds! (with bloud and ſweat)
In vain attempt to comprehend the great;
Thus, in our gain, become we gainfull loſers,
And what 's enclos'd, encloſes the encloſers.
Now Reader, cloſe thy book, and then adviſe:
Be wiſely worldly, be not worldly wiſe;
Let not thy nobler thoughts be alwayes raking
The worlds baſe dunghill; vermin 's took by taking:
Take heed thou truſt not the deceitfull lap
Of wanton *Dalilah*; The world 's a trap.

Hugo de Anima.

Tell me where be thoſe now that ſo lately loved and hugg'd the world? Nothing remaineth of them but duſt and worms: Obſerve what thoſe men were; what thoſe men are: They were like thee; they did eat, drink, laugh, and led merry dayes, and in a moment ſlipt into hell. Here their fleſh is food for worms; there, their ſouls are fewell for fire, till they ſhall be rejoyned in an unhappy fellowſhip, and caſt into eternall torments; where they that were once companions in ſinne, ſhall be hereafter partners in puniſhment.

Epig. 2.

Gripe, *Cupid*, and gripe ſtill untill that wind,
That 's pent before, find ſecret vent behind:
And when th'aſt done, hark here, I tell thee what,
Before I 'll truſt thy armfull, I 'll truſt that.

III.

Non amat iste; sed hamat amor.

III.

Job 18. 8.

He is caſt into a net by his own feet, and walketh upon a ſnare.

1

WHat? nets and quiver too? what need there all
These ſlie devices to betray poore men?
Die they not faſt enough, when thouſands fall
Before thy dart? what need theſe engines then?
Attend they not, and anſwer to thy call,
Like nightly coveys, where thou lift and when?
What needs a ſtratageme where ſtrength can ſway?
Or what need ſtrength compell, where none gainſay?
Or what need ſtratageme or ſtrength, where hearts obey?

2

Husband thy ſleights: It is but vain to waſt
Honey on thoſe that will be catcht with gall;
Thou canſt not, ah! thou canſt not bid ſo faſt
As men obey: thou art more ſlow to call,
Then they to come; thou canſt not make ſuch haſt
To ſtrike, as they being ſtruck make haſt to fall.
Go ſave thy nets for that rebellious heart
That ſcorns thy pow'r, and has obtein'd the art
T' avoid thy flying ſhaft, to quench thy fi'ry dart.

3

Loſt mortall, how is thy deſtruction ſure,
Between two bawds, and both without remorſe!
The one 's a Line, the tother is a Lure;
This, to entice thy ſoul; that, to enforce:
Way-laid by both, how canſt thou ſtand ſecure?
That draws, this wooes thee to th' eternall curſe.
O charming tyrant, how haſt thou betool'd
And ſlav'd poore man, that would not if he could
Avoid thy line, thy lure; nay could not, if he would!

4

Alas thy ſweet perfidious voyce betrayes
His wanton ears with thy Sirenian baits;
Thou wrapp'ſt his eyes in miſts, then boldly layes
Thy Lethall gins before their cryſtall gates;
Thou lock'ſt up ev'ry Senſe with thy falſe keyes,
All willing pris'ners to thy cloſe deceits:
His eare moſt nimble where it deaf ſhould be,
His eye moſt blind where moſt it ought to ſee,
And when his heart 's moſt bound, then thinks it ſelf moſt free.

5

Thou grand Impoſtour, how haſt thou obtein'd
The wardſhip of the world! Are all men turn'd
Idiots and lunaticks? are all retein'd
Beneath thy ſervile bands? Is none return'd
To his forgotten ſelf? Has none regain'd
His ſenſes? Are their ſenſes all adjourn'd?
What none diſmiſt thy Court? will no plump fee
Bribe thy falſe fiſts to make a glad decree,
unfool whom thou haſt fool'd, and ſet thy pris'ners free?

S. Bern.

S. BERN. in Ser.

In this world is much treacherie, little truth; here, all things are traps; here, every thing is beſet with ſnares; here, ſouls are endanger'd, bodies are afflicted; here all things are vanity, and vexation of ſpirit.

EPIG. 3.

Nay, *Cupid*, pitch thy trammil where thou pleaſe,
Thou canſt not fail to take ſuch fiſh as theſe;
Thy thriving ſport will ne'r be ſpent: no need
To fear when ev'ry cork 's a world thou 'lt ſpeed.

IV.

Quam graue ſeruitium eſt, quod ſeuus eſca parit.

IV.

Hosea 13. 3.

They ſhall be as the chaff that is driven with a whirlwind out of the floore, and as the ſmoke out of the chimney.

FLint-hearted Stoicks, you, whoſe marble eyes
Contemne a wrinckle, and whoſe ſouls deſpiſe
To follow Natures too affected faſhion,
Or travel in the Regent-walk of Paſſion;
Whoſe rigid hearts diſdain to ſhrink at fears,
Or play at faſt and looſe with ſmiles and tears;
Come, burſt your ſpleens with laughter to behold
A new found vanitie, which dayes of old
Ne'r knew: a vanitie, that has beſet
The world, and made more ſlaves then *Mahomet:*
That has condemn'd us to the ſervile yoke
Of ſlavery, and made us ſlaves to ſmoke.
But ſtay! why tax I thus our modern times,
For new-born follies, and for new-born crimes?
Are we ſole guiltie, and the firſt age free?
No, they were ſmok'd and ſlav'd as well as we:
What's ſweet-lipt Honours blaſt, but ſmoke? What's treaſure
But very ſmoke? And what more ſmoke then pleaſure?
Alas: they 're all but ſhadows, fumes and blaſts;
That vaniſhes, this fades, the other waſts.
The reſtleſſe Merchant, he that loves to ſteep
His brains in wealth, and layes his ſoul to ſleep

In bags of Bullion, ſees th' immortall Crown,
And fain would mount, but Ingots keep him down:
He brags to day, perchance, and begs to morrow;
He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow:
Blow winds, the treaſure's gone, the merchant's broke;
A ſlave to ſilver's but a ſlave to ſmoke.
Behold the Glory-vying child of fame,
That from deep wounds ſucks forth an honour'd name,
That thinks no purchaſe worth the ſtyle of good,
But what is ſold for ſweat, and ſeal'd with bloud;
That for a point, a blaſt of emptie breath,
Undaunted gazes in the face of death;
Whoſe dear-bought bubble, fill'd with vain renown,
Breaks with a phillop, or a Gen'rals frown:
His ſtroke-got Honour ſtaggers with a ſtroke;
A ſlave to Honour is a ſlave to ſmoke.
And that fond ſoul which waſts his idle dayes
In looſe delights, and ſports about the blaze
Of *Cupids* candle; he that dayly ſpies
Twin babies in his miſtreſſe *Geminies*,
Whereto his ſad devotion does impart
The ſweet burnt-offering of a bleeding heart:
See, how his wings are ſing'd in Cyprian fire,
Whoſe flames conſume with youth, in age expire:
The world 's a bubble; all the pleaſures in it,
Like morning vapours, vaniſh in a minit:
The vapours vaniſh, and the bubble 's broke;
A ſlave to pleaſure is a ſlave to ſmoke.
Now, Stoick, ceaſe thy laughter, and repaſt
Thy pickled cheeks with tears, and weep as faſt.

S. HIERON.

S. HIERON.

That rich man is great, who thinketh not himſelf great, becauſe he is rich: the proud man (who is the poore man) braggeth outwardly, but beggeth inwardly: he is blown up, but not full.

PETR. RAV.

Vexation and anguiſh accompany riches and honour: The pomp of the world and the favour of the people are but ſmoke, and a blaſt ſuddenly vaniſhing: which, if they commonly pleaſe, commonly bring repentance, and for a minute of joy, they bring an age of ſorrow.

EPIG. 4.

Cupid, thy diet's ſtrange: It dulls, it rowzes,
It cools, it heats, it binds, and then it looſes:
Dull-ſprightly-cold-hot fool, if ev'r it winds thee
Into a looſeneſſe once, take heed, it binds thee.

V.

Non omne, quod hic micat, aurum est

V.

PROVERBS 23. 5.

Wilt thou ſet thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches make themſelves wings, they flie away as an Eagle.

1

FAlſe world, thou ly'ſt: Thou canſt not lend
The leaſt delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a Friend,
They are ſo ſlight:
Thy morning pleaſures make an end
To pleaſe at night:
Poore are the wants that thou ſupply'ſt,
And yet thou vaunt'ſt, and yet thou vy'ſt
With heav'n; Fond earth thou boaſts; falſe world thou ly'ſt.

2

Thy babbling tongue tels golden tales
Of endleſſe treaſure;
Thy bountie offers eaſie ſales
Of laſting pleaſure;
Thou ask'ſt the Conſcience what ſhe ails,
And ſwear'ſt to eaſe her;
There 's none can want where thou ſupply'ſt:
There 's none can give where thou deny'ſt.
Alas, fond world thou boaſts; falſe world thou ly'ſt.

What

3

What well adviſed eare regards
What earth can ſay?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay;
Thy cunning can but pack the cards;
Thou canſt not play:
Thy game at weakeſt, ſtill thou vy'ſt;
If ſeen, and then revy'd, deny'ſt;
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt: falſe world, thou ly'ſt.

4

Thy tinſil boſome ſeems a mint
Of new-coin'd treaſure,
A Paradiſe, that has no ſtint,
No change, no meaſure;
A painted cask, but nothing in 't,
Nor wealth, nor pleaſure:
Vain earth! that falſly thus comply'ſt
With man: Vain man! that thus rely'ſt
On earth: Vain man, thou dot'ſt: Vain earth, thou ly'ſt.

5

What mean dull ſouls, in this high meaſure
To haberdaſh
In earths baſe wares, whoſe greateſt treaſure
Is droſſe and traſh?
The height of whoſe inchaunting pleaſure
Is but a flaſh?
Are theſe the goods that thou ſupply'ſt
Us mortalls with? Are theſe the high'ſt?
Can theſe bring cordiall peace? Falſe world, thou ly'ſt.

PET.

PET. BLES.

This world is deceitfull: Her end is doubtfull; Her concluſion is horrible; Her Judge is terrible; And her puniſhment is intolerable.

S. AUGUST. lib. Confeſſ.

The vain glory of this world is a deceitfull ſweetneſſe, a fruitleſſe labour, a perpetuall fear, a dangerous honour: Her beginning is without providence, and her end not without repentance.

EPIG. 5.

World, th' art a traytour; thou haſt ſtampt thy baſe
And chymick metall with great *Cæſars* face;
And with thy baſtard bullion thou haſt barter'd
For wares of price; how juſtly drawn and quarter'd!

VI.

Sic decipit orbis.

VI.

Job 15.31.

Let not him that is deceived truſt in vanitie, for vanitie ſhall be his recompenſe.

1

BElieve her not: Her glaſſe diffuſes
False portraitures: thou canſt eſpie
No true reflection: She abuſes
Her miſ-inform'd beholders eye;
Her Chryſtall 's falſly ſteel'd: It ſcatters
Deceitfull beams. Believe her not, ſhe flatters.

2

This flaring mirrour repreſents
No right proportion, hiew, or feature:
Her very looks are complements;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater:
The skilfull gloſſe of her reflection
But paints the Context of thy courſe complexion.

3

Were thy dimenſion but a ſtride,
Nay, wert thou ſtatur'd but a ſpan,
Such as the long-bill'd troops defi'd,
A very fragment of a man;
Shee'll make thee *Mimas*, which ye will,
The *Jove-ſlain* tyrant, or th' *Ionick* hill.

Had

4

Had ſurfets, or th' ungratious Starre
Conſpir'd to make one common place
Of all deformities that are
Within the volume of thy face,
She 'd lend thee favour ſhould out-move
The Troy-bane *Hellen*, or the Queen of Love.

5

Were thy conſum'd eſtate as poore
As *Lazars*, or afflicted *Jobs*:
She 'll change thy wants to ſeeming ſtore,
And turn thy rags to purple robes;
She 'll make thy hide-bound flanck appear
As plump as theirs that feaſt it all the yeare.

6

Look off; let not thy Opticks be
Abus'd; thou ſeeſt not what thou ſhould'ſt:
Thy ſelf 's the Object thou ſhould'ſt ſee,
But 't is thy ſhadow thou behold'ſt:
And ſhadows thrive the more in ſtature,
The nearer we approch the light of nature.

7

Where Heav'ns bright beams look more direct,
The ſhadow ſhrinks as they grow ſtronger:
But when they glaunce their fair aſpect,
The bold-fac'd ſhade growes larger, longer;
And when their lamp begins to fall,
Th' increaſing ſhadows lengthen moſt of all.

8

The ſoul that ſeeks the noon of grace,
Shrinks in, but ſwells if grace retreat;
As heav'n lifts up, or veils his face,
Our ſelf eſteems grow leſſe or great.
The leaſt is greateſt; and who ſhall
Appear the greateſt are the leaſt of all.

Hugo lib. de Anima.

In vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not firſt rightly adviſed to behold himſelf: Firſt thou muſt ſee the viſible things of thy ſelf, before thou canſt be prepared to know the inviſible things of God, for if thou canſt not apprehend the things within thee, thou canſt not comprehend the things above thee: The beſt looking-glaſſe wherein to ſee thy God, is perfectly to ſee thy ſelf.

Epig. 6.

Be not deceiv'd, great fool: There is no loſſe
In being ſmall; great bulks but ſwell with droſſe.
Man is heav'ns Maſter-peece: If it appear
More great, the value 's leſſe; if leſſe, more dear.

VII.

Hic pessima, hic optima seruat.

VII.

Deuteronomy 30. 19.

I have ſet before thee life and death, bleſſing and curſing, therefore chooſe life, that thou and thy ſeed may live.

1

The world 's a Floore, whoſe ſwelling heaps retein
The mingled wages of the Ploughmans toyl;
The world 's a heap, whoſe yet unwinnowed grain
Is lodg'd with chaff and buried in her ſoyl;
All things are mixt, the uſefull with the vain;
The good with bad, the noble with the vile;
The world 's an Ark, wherein things pure and groſſe
Preſent their loſſefull gain, and gainfull loſſe,
Where ev'ry dram of gold conteins a pound of droſſe.

2

This furniſht Ark preſents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or Heav'n can add;
Here, laſting joyes; here, pleaſures hourely new,
And hourely fading, may be wiſht and had:
All points of Honour, counterfeit and true,
Salute thy ſoul, and wealth both good and bad:
Here maiſt thou open wide the two-leav'd doore
Of all thy wiſhes, to receive that ſtore
Which being empty moſt, does overflow the more.

3

Come then, my ſoul, approch this royall Burſe,
And ſee what wares our great Exchange reteins;
Come, come; here 's that ſhall make a firm divorce
Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want complains;
No need to ſit in councel with thy purſe,
Here 's nothing good ſhall coſt more price then pains:
But O my ſoul, take heed if thou rely
Upon thy faithleſſe Opticks, thou wilt buy
Too blind a bargain: know, fools onely trade by th' eye.

4

The worldly wiſdome of the fooliſh man
Is like a ſieve, that does alone retein
The groſſer ſubſtance of the worthleſſe bran:
But thou, my ſoul, let thy brave thoughts diſdain
So courſe a purchaſe; O be thou a fan
To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd grain:
Make clean thy thoughts, and dreſſe thy mixt deſires,
Thou art Heav'ns tasker; and thy God requires
The pureſt of thy floore, as well as of thy fires.

5

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
And wiſdome bleſſe thy ſouls unblemiſht wayes,
No matter then, how ſhort or long 's the leaſe,
Whoſe date determins thy ſelf-numbred dayes:
No need to care for wealths or fames increaſe,
Nor *Mars* his Palm, nor high *Apollo's* Bayes.
Lord, if thy gracious bountie pleaſe to fill
The floore of my deſires, and teach me skill
To dreſſe and chuſe the corn, take thoſe the chaff that will.

S. Auguſt.

S. Augustr. lib. 1. de doct. Christi.

Temporall things more raviſh in the expectation, then in fruition: but things eternall more in the fruition then expectation.

Ibidem.

The life of man is the middle between Angels and beaſts: If man takes pleaſure in carnall things, he is compared to beaſts; but if he delights in ſpirituall things, he is ſuited with Angels.

Epig. 7.

Art thou a child? Thou wilt not then be fed;
But like a child, and with the childrens bread:
But thou art fed with chaff, or corn undreſt:
My ſoul thou ſavour'ſt too much of the beaſt.

VIII.

Hæc animant ſeueros cymbala; at illa vireos.

Will: marshall. sculpsit.

VIII.

PHILIPPIANS 13.19.

They mind earthly things, but our conversation is in Heaven.

Venus. *Div. Cupid.*

Ven. WHat means this peeviſh brat? Whiſh, lullaby,
What ails my babe? what ails my babe to cry?
Will nothing ſtill it? will it neither be
Pleas'd with the nurſes breaſt nor mothers knee?
What ails my bird? what moves my froward boy
To make ſuch whimp'ring faces? Peace, my joy:
Will nothing do? Come, come, this pettiſh brat,
Thus cry and bawl, and cannot tell for what?
Come buſſe and friends, my lambe; whiſh, lullaby,
What ails my babe? what ails my babe to cry?
Peace, peace my dear; alas, thy early years
Had never faults to merit half theſe teares;
Come ſmile upon me: Let thy mother ſpie
Thy fathers image in her babies eye:
Husband theſe guiltleſſe drops againſt the rage
Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of age;
Thine eye 's not ripe for tears: whiſh, lullaby;
What ails my babe, my ſweet-fac'd babe to cry?
Look, look, what 's here! A dainty golden thing:
See how the dancing bells turn round and ring
To pleaſe my bantling! here 's a knack will breed
A hundred kiſſes: here 's a knack indeed.

So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
As *Pelops* ſhoulder, or my milk-white pair:
Here 's right the fathers ſmile; when *Mars* beguil'd
Sick *Venus* of her heart, juſt thus he ſmil'd.

Divine Cupid.

Well may they ſmile alike; thy baſe-bred boy
And his baſe ſire had both one cauſe, a toy:
How well their ſubjects and their ſmiles agree?
Thy *Cupid* finds a toy, and *Mars* found thee:
Falſe Queen of beauty, Queen of falſe delights,
Thy knee preſents an Embleme, that invites
Man to himſelf, whoſe ſelf-tranſported heart
(Ov'rwhelm'd with native ſorrows, and the ſmart
Of purchas'd griefs) lies whining night and day,
Not knowing why, till heavy heeld delay,
The dull-brow'd Pander of deſpair, layes by
His leaden buskins, and preſents his eye
With antick trifles, which th' indulgent earth
Makes proper objects of mans childiſh mirth.
Theſe be the coyn that paſſe, the ſweets that pleaſe;
There 's nothing good, there 's nothing great but theſe:
Theſe be the pipes that baſe-born minds dance after,
And turn immod'rate tears to laviſh laughter;
Whilſt Heav'nly raptures paſſe without regard;
Their ſtrings are harſh and their high ſtrains unheard:
The plough-mans whiſtle or the triviall flute
Find more reſpect then great *Apollo's* lute:
We 'll look to Heav'n, and truſt to higher joyes;
Let ſwine love husks, and children whine for toyes.

S. Bern.

S. Bern.

That is the true and chief joy, which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creatour; which (being once poſſeſt thereof) none can take from thee: whereto all pleaſure being compared is torment, all joy is grief; ſweet things are bitter, all glory is baſeneſſe, and all delectable things are deſpicable.

S. Bern.

Joy in a changeable ſubject muſt neceſſarily change as the ſubject changeth.

Epig. 8.

Peace, childiſh *Cupid*, peace: thy finger'd eye
But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry:
But are thy peeviſh wranglings thus appeas'd?
Well maiſt thou cry, that art ſo poorely pleas'd.

IX.

Venturum exhorresco diem.

IX.

Isaiah 10. 3.

What will ye do in the day of your viſitation? to whom will ye flie for help? and where will ye leave your glory?

1

IS this that jolly God, whoſe Cyprian bowe
Has ſhot ſo many flaming darts,
And made ſo many wounded Beauties go
Sadly perplext with whimp'ring hearts?
Is this that Sov'raign Deity that brings
The ſlaviſh world in awe, and ſtings (Kings.
The blund'ring ſouls of ſwains, and ſtoops the hearts of

2

What Circean charm, what Hecatean ſpight
Has thus abus'd the God of love?
Great *Jove* was vanquiſht by his greater might;
(And who is ſtronger-arm'd then *Jove*?)
Or has our luſtfull god perform'd a rape,
And (fearing *Argus* eyes) would ſcape
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious ſhape?

3

Where be thoſe roſie cheeks, that lately ſcorn'd
The malice of injurious Fates?
Ah, where 's that pearl Percullis, that adorn'd
Thoſe dainty two-leav'd Ruby gates?
Where be thoſe killing eyes, that ſo controul'd
The world? And locks, that did infold
Like knots of flaming wire, like curles of burniſht gold?

No,

4

No, no, 't was neither Hecatean ſpite
Nor charm below, nor pow'r above;
'T was neither *Circes* ſpell, nor Stygian ſprite,
That thus transform'd our god of Love;
'Twas owl-eyed Luſt (more potent farre then they)
Whoſe eyes and actions hate the day:
Whom all the world obſerve, whom all the world obay.

5

Se how the latter Trumpets dreadfull blaſt
Affrights ſtout *Mars* his trembling ſon!
Se, how he ſtartles! how he ſtands agaſt,
And ſcrambles from his melting Throne!
Hark, how the direfull hand of vengeance tears,
The ſwelt'ring clouds, whilſt Heav'n appears
A circle fill'd with flame, and center'd with his fears.

6

This is that day, whoſe oft report hath worn
Neglected tongues of Prophets bare;
The faithleſſe ſubject of the worldlings ſcorn,
The ſumme of men and Angels pray'r:
This, this the day whoſe All-diſcerning light
Ranſacks the ſecret dens of night,
And ſevers good from bad; true joyes from falſe delight.

7

You grov'ling worldlings, you, whoſe wiſdome trades,
Where light nev'r ſhot his golden ray;
That hide your actions in Cimerian ſhades,
How will your eyes indure this day?
Hills will be deaf, and mountains will not heare;
There be no caves, no corners there,
To ſhade your ſouls from fire, to ſhield your hearts from fear

HUGO.

O the extreme loathſomneſſe of fleſhly luſt, which not onely effeminates the mind, but enervates the body; which not onely diſtaineth the ſoul, but diſguiſeth the perſon! It is uſhered with fury and wantonneſſe; it is accompanied with filthineſſe and uncleanneſſe; and it is followed with grief and repentance.

EPIG. 9.

What? ſweet-fac'd *Cupid*, has thy baſtard-treaſure,
Thy boaſted honours, and thy bold-fac'd pleaſure
Perplext thee now? I told thee long ago,
To what they 'd bring thee, fool, *To wit, to woe.*

X.

Tinnit : inane est.

X.

NAHUM 2. 10.

She is emptie, and void, and waſte.

1

SHe 's emptie: hark, ſhe ſounds: there 's nothing there
But noyſe to fill thy eare;
Thy vain enquiry can at length but find
A blaſt of murm'ring wind:
It is a cask, that ſeems as full as fair;
But merely tunn'd with aire:
Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
The ſoul that vainly founds
Her joyes upon this world but feeds on emptie ſounds.

2

She 's emptie: hark, ſhe ſounds: there 's nothing in 't.
The ſpark-ingend'ring flint
Shall ſooner melt, and hardeſt raunce ſhall firſt
Diſſolve and quench thy thirſt,
E'r this falſe world ſhall ſtill thy ſtormy breaſt
With ſmooth fac'd calms of reſt:
Thou mayſt as well expect Meridian light
From ſhades of black-mouth'd night,
As in this emptie world to find a full delight.

She 's

3

She 's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds; 't is void and vaſt;
What if ſome flatt'ring blaſt
Of flatuous honour ſhould perchance be there,
And whiſper in thine eare:
It is but wind, and blows but where it liſt,
And vaniſhes like a miſt:
Poore honour earth can give! What gen'rous mind
Would be ſo baſe to bind
Her Heav'n-bred ſoul a ſlave to ſerve a blaſt of wind?

4

She 's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds: 't is but a ball
For fools to play withall:
The painted film but of a ſtronger bubble,
That 's lin'd with ſilken trouble:
It is a world, whoſe work and recreation
Is vanity and vexation;
A Hagg, repair'd with vice-complexion, paint,
A queſt-houſe of complaint:
It is a ſaint, a fiend; worſe fiend, when moſt a ſaint.

5

She 's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds: 't is vain and void.
What 's here to be enjoyed,
But grief and ſickneſſe, and large bills of ſorrow,
Drawn now, and croſt to morrow?
Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,
Reviv'd with living death?
Fond lad, O build thy hopes on ſurer grounds
Then what dull fleſh propounds:
Truſt not this hollow world, ſhe 's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds.

S. Chrys.

S. Chrys. in Ep. ad Heb.

Contemne riches, and thou ſhalt be rich; contemne glory, and thou ſhalt be glorious; contemne injuries, and thou ſhalt be a conquerour; contemne reſt, and thou ſhalt gain reſt; contemne earth, and thou ſhalt find Heaven.

Hugo. lib. de Vanit. mundi.

The world is a vanity which affordeth neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor incouragement to the induſtrious.

Epig. 10.

This houſe is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is ſorrow, and her In-come tears:
Cupid, 't 'as long ſtood void; her bills make known,
She muſt be dearly let; or let alone.

X.

Erras: hâc itur ad illam.

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

XI.

MATTHEW 7. 14.

Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

PRepoſt'rous fool, thou troul'ſt amiſſe;
Thou err'ſt; that 's not the way, 't is this:
Thy hopes, inſtructed by thine eye,
Make thee appear more near then I;
My floore is not ſo flat, ſo fine,
And has more obvious rubs then thine:
'Tis true; my way is hard and ſtrait,
And leads me through a thorny gate,
Whoſe ranckling pricks are ſharp and fell;
The common way to Heav'n 's by hell:
'Tis true; thy path is ſhort and fair,
And free of rubs: Ah, fool, beware,
The ſafeſt road 's not alwayes ev'n;
The way to Hell 's a ſeeming Heav'n.
Think'ſt thou, the Crown of Glory 's had
With idle eaſe, fond Cyprian lad?
Think'ſt thou, that mirth, and vain delights,
High feed, and ſhadow-ſhortning nights,
Soft knees, full bones, and beds of down
Are proper Prologues to a Crown?
Or canſt thou hope to come, and view,
Like proſperous *Cæſar*, and ſubdue?
The bondſlave Uſurer will trudge
In ſpite of Gouts, will turn a drudge,

And ſerve his ſoul-condemning purſe,
T' increaſe it with the widows curſe:
And ſhall the Crown of glory ſtand
Not worth the waving of a hand?
The fleſhly wanton to obtain
His minute-luſt, will count it gain
To loſe his freedome, his eſtate,
Upon ſo dear, ſo ſweet a rate;
Shall pleaſures thus be priz'd, and muſt
Heav'ns Palm be cheaper then a luſt?
The true-bred Spark, to hoiſe his name
Upon the waxenwings of fame,
Will fight undaunted in a flood
That 's rais'd with brackiſh drops and bloud:
And ſhall the promis'd Crown of life
Be thought a toy, not worth a ſtrife?
An eaſie good brings eaſie gains;
But things of price are bought with pains:
The pleaſing way is not the right:
He that would conquer Heav'n muſt fight.

S. Hieron.

S. Hieron. in Ep.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of Eternitie is the mark we levell at.

S. Greg. lib. 8. Mor.

The valour of a juſt man is to conquer the fleſh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this preſent life, to endure and love the miſeries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of proſperitie, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adverſitie.

Epig. 11.

O *Cupid*, if thy ſmoother way were right,
I ſhould miſtruſt this Crown were counterfeit:
The way 's not eaſie where the Prize is great:
I hope no virtues where I ſmell no ſweat.

XII.

In cruce ſtat ſecurus amor.

XII.

GALATIANS 6. 14.

God forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the Croſſe.

1

CAn nothing ſettle my uncertain breaſt,
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections find out nothing beſt?
But ſtill and ſtill remove?
Has earth no mercy? will no Ark of reſt
Receive my reſtleſſe Dove?
Is there no Good, then which there's nothing higher,
To bleſſe my full deſire
With joyes that never change; with joyes that nev'r expire?

2

I wanted wealth; and at my dear requeſt,
Earth lent a quick ſupply;
I wanted mirth to charm my ſullen breaſt;
And who more brisk then I?
I wanted fame to glorifie the reſt;
My fame flew eagle-high:
My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd;
Wealth vaniſht like a ſhade,
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

3

The world's an Ocean, hurried to and fro
With ev'ry blaſt of paſſion:
Her luſtfull ſtreams, when either ebb or flow,
Are tides of mans vexation:
They alter dayly, and they dayly grow
The worſe by alteration:
The earth's a cask full tunn'd, yet wanting meaſure;
Her precious wind, is pleaſure;
Her yeſt is honours puff; her lees are worldly treaſure.

4

My truſt is in the Croſſe: let Beauty flag
Her looſe, her wanton ſail;
Let count'nance-gilding Honour ceaſe to brag
In courtly tearms, and vail;
Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
Her baſe though golden tail;
Falſe beauties conqueſt is but reall loſſe,
And wealth but golden droſſe;
Beſt Honour's but a blaſt: my truſt is in the Croſſe.

5

My truſt is in the Croſſe: There lies my reſt;
My faſt, my ſole delight:
Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd Eaſt
Blow till they burſt with ſpight:
Let earth and hell conſpire their worſt, their beſt,
And joyn their twiſted might:
Let ſhowres of thunderbolts dart down and wound me,
And troups of fiends ſurround me,
All this may well confront; all this ſhall nev'r confound me.

S. Auguſt.

S. Augustr.

Christs Crosse is the Christcrosse of all our happinesse: It delivers us from all blindnesse of errour, and enriches our darknesse with light; It restoreth the troubled soul to rest; It bringeth strangers to Gods acquaintance; It maketh remote forreiners near neighbours; It cutteth off discord; concludeth a league of everlasting peace, and is the bounteous authour of all good.

S. Bern. in Ser. de resur.

We find glory in the Crosse; to us that are saved it is the power of God, and the fulnesse of all virtues.

Epig. 12.

I follow'd rest, rest fled and soon forsook me;
I ran from grief, grief ran and over-took me.
What shall I do? lest I be too much tost
On worldly crosses, Lord, let me be crost.

XIII.

Post Vulnera Dæmon

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

XIII.

PROVERBS 26. 11.

As a dog returneth to his vomit, ſo a fool returneth to his folly.

O I am wounded! and my wounds do ſmart
Beyond my patience, or great *Chirons* art;
I yield, I yield; the day, the palm is thine;
Thy bow 's more true; thy ſhafts more fierce then mine.
Hold, hold, O hold thy conq'ring hand. What need
To ſend more darts? the firſt has done the deed:
Oft have we ſtruggled, when our equall arms
Shot equall ſhafts, inflicted equall harms;
But this exceeds, and with her flaming head,
Twyfork'd with death, has ſtruck my conſcience dead.
But muſt I die? Ah me! If that were all,
Then, then I 'd ſtroke my bleeding wounds, and call
This dart a cordiall, and with joy endure
Theſe harſh ingredients, where my grief 's my cure.
But ſomething whiſpers in my dying eare,
There is an after day; which day I fear:
The ſlender debt to Nature 's quickly paid,
Diſcharg'd perchance with greater eaſe then made;
But if that pale-fac'd Sergeant make arreſt,
Ten thouſand actions would (whereof the leaſt
Is more then all this lower world can bail)
Be entred, and condemn me to the jail
Of Stygian darkneſſe, bound in red-hot chains,
And grip'd with tortures worſe then Titian pains.

Farewel!

Farewell my vain, farewell my looſe delights;
Farewell my rambling dayes my rev'ling nights;
'T was you betrayd me firſt, and, when ye found
My ſoul at vantage, gave my ſoul the wound:
Farewell my bullion gods, whoſe ſov'reigne looks
So often catch'd me with their golden hooks:
Go, ſeek another ſlave; ye muſt all go;
I cannot ſerve my God and Bullion too.
Farewell falſe honour; you, whoſe ayry wings
Did mount my ſoul above the thrones of kings;
Then flatter'd me, took pet, and in diſdain,
Nipt my green buds; then kickt me down again:
Farewell my Bow; farewell my Cyprian Quiver;
Farewell dear world, farewell dear world for ever.
O, but this moſt delicious world, how ſweet
Her pleaſures reliſh! Ah! How jump they meet
The graſping ſoul! and with their ſprightly fire,
Revive, and raiſe, and rowze the rapt deſire!
For ever? O, to part ſo long? what? never
Meet more? another year, and then for ever:
Too quick reſolves do reſolution wrong;
What part ſo ſoon, to be divorc'd ſo long?
Things to be done are long to be debated;
Heav'n is not day'd. Repentance is not dated.

S. Augustᵀ. lib. de util. agen. pœn.

Go up my ſoul into the tribunall of thy Conſcience; There ſet thy guiltie ſelf before thy ſelf: Hide not thy ſelf behind thy ſelf, leaſt God bring thee forth before thy ſelf.

S. Augustᵀ. in Soliloq.

In vain is that waſhing, where the next ſinne defileth: He hath ill repented whoſe ſinnes are repeated: that ſtomach is the worſe for vomiting, that licketh up his vomit.

Anselm.

God hath promiſed pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath not promiſed repentance to him that ſinneth.

Epig. 13.

Brain-wounded *Cupid*, had this haſty dart,
As it hath prickt thy fancy, pierc'd thy heart,
'T had been thy friend: O how has it deceiv'd thee!
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had ſav'd thee.

XIV.

Post lapsum fortiùs acto.

Will: Marshall. Sculpsit.

XIV.

PROVERBS 24. 16.

A juſt man falleth ſeven times and riſeth up again, but the wicked ſhall fall into miſchief.

1

'TIs but a foyl at beſt, and that 's the moſt
Your skill can boaſt:
My ſlipp'ry footing fail'd me; and you tript
Juſt as I ſlipt:
My wanton weakneſſe did her ſelf betray
With too much play:
I was too bold: He never yet ſtood ſure,
That ſtands ſecure:
Who ever truſted to his native ſtrength,
But fell at length?
The Title 's craz'd the Tenure is not good,
That claims by th' evidence of fleſh and bloud.

2

Boaſt not thy skill; the righteous man falls oft,
Yet falls but ſoft:
There may be dirt to mire him, but no ſtones
To cruſh his bones:
What if he ſtaggers? Nay, put caſe he be
Foyl'd on his knee;
That very knee will bend to Heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.
The true-bred Gameſter ups a freſh, and then,
Falls to 't agen;
Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd, dies.

Boaſt

3

Boaſt not thy Conqueſt; thou, that ev'ry hour
Fall'ſt ten times lower;
Nay, haſt not pow'r to riſe, if not, in caſe,
To fall more baſe:
Thou wallow'ſt where I ſlip; and thou doſt tumble,
Where I but ſtumble:
Thou glory'ſt in thy ſlav'ries dirty badges,
And fall'ſt for wages:
Sowr grief and ſad repentance ſcowrs and clears
My ſtains with tears:
Thy falling keeps thy falling ſtill in ure;
But when I ſlip I ſtand the more ſecure.

4

Lord, what a nothing is this little Span,
We call a Man!
What fenny traſh mainteins the ſmoth'ring fires
Of his deſires!
How ſleight and ſhort are his reſolvs at longeſt!
How weak at ſtrongeſt!
O if a ſinner held by thy faſt hand
Can hardly ſtand,
Good God! in what a deſp'rate caſe are they
That have no ſtay!
Mans ſtate implyes a neceſſary curſe;
When not himſelf, he 's mad; when moſt himſelf, he 's worſe.

S. Ambros.

S. Ambros. in Serm. ad vincula.

Peter *ſtood more firmly after he had lamented his fall, then before he fell. Inſomuch that he found more grace then he loſt grace*

S. Chrys. in Ep. ad Heliod. monach.

It is no ſuch hainous matter to fall afflicted; as being down to lie dejected: It is no danger for a ſouldier to receive a wound in battel, but after the wound received, through deſpair of recovery, to refuſe a remedy; for we often ſee wounded Champions wear the Palm at laſt, and after flight, crowned with victory.

Epig. 14.

Triumph not *Cupid*, his miſchance doth ſhow
Thy trade; doth once, what thou doſt alwayes do:
Brag not too ſoon: has thy prevailing hand
Foil'd him? Ah fool, th' aſt taught him how to ſtand?

XV.

Patet æthræ; clauditur orbi.

XV.

Jeremiah 32. 40.

I will put my fear in their hearts, that they ſhall not depart from me.

SO, now the ſoul 's ſublim'd: her ſowre deſires
Are recalcin'd in heav'ns well-tempred fires:
The heart reſtor'd and purg'd from droſſie nature
Now finds the freedome of a new-born creature:
It lives another life, it breaths new breath;
It neither feels nor fears the ſting of death.
Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
That boldly 'dopts each houſe he views his own;
Makes ev'ry purſe his chequer; and at pleaſure,
Walks forth, and taxes all the world like *Cæſar*,
At length by vertue of a juſt command,
His ſides are lent to a ſeverer hand;
Whereon his paſſe, not fully underſtood,
Is texted in a manuſcript of blood:
Thus paſt from town to town, untill he come
A ſore repentant to his native home:
Ev'n ſo the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crimes to ſin, and uncontroul'd removes
From luſt to luſt, when wanton fleſh invites
From old-worn pleaſures to new choice delights,
At length corrected by the filiall rod
Of his offended (but his gracious God)
And laſht from ſins to ſighs; and by degrees,
From ſighs to vows; from vows to bended knees,

From bended knees, to a true penſive breaſt;
From thence to torments, not by tongues expreſt,
Returns; (and from his ſinfull ſelf exil'd)
Finds a glad father, he a welcome child:
O then it lives; O then it lives involv'd
In ſecret raptures; pants to be diſſolv'd:
The royall Of-ſpring of a ſecond Birth
Sets ope to Heav'n, and ſhuts the doors to earth:
If love-ſick *Jove* commanded clouds ſhould hap
To rain ſuch ſhow'rs as quickned *Danaes* lap:
Or dogs (far kinder then their purple maſter)
Should lick his ſores, he laughs nor weeps the faſter.
If earth (Heav'ns rivall) dart her idle ray;
To Heav'n, 't is wax, and to the world, 't is clay:
If earth preſent delights, it ſcorns to draw,
But, like the jet unrubb'd, diſdains that ſtraw:
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it;
No grief diſturbs it; and no errour guides it;
No fear diſtracts it; and no rage inflames it;
No guilt condemns it, and no folly ſhames it;
No ſloth beſots it; and no luſt inthralls it;
No ſcorn afflicts it, and no paſſion gawls it:
It is a carknet of immortall life;
An Ark of peace; the liſts of ſacred ſtrife;
A purer piece of endleſſe tranſitory;
A ſhrine of Grace, a little throne of Glory:
A Heav'n-born Of-ſpring of a new-born birth;
An earthly Heav'n; an ounce of Heav'nly earth.

S. Augustr.

S. Augustr. de ſpir. & anima.

O happy heart, where pietie affecteth; where humility ſubjects, where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth, where perſeverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion projecteth, where charitie connecteth.

S. Greg.

Which way ſoever the heart turneth it ſelf (if carefully) it ſhall commonly obſerve, that in thoſe very things we loſe God, in thoſe very things we ſhall find God: It ſhall find the heat of his power in conſideration of thoſe things, in the love of which things he was moſt cold, and by what things it fell, perverted, by thoſe things it is raiſed, converted.

Epig. 15.

My heart! but wherefore do I call thee ſo?
I have renounc'd my int'reſt long ago:
When thou wert falſe and fleſhly, I was thine;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.

Lord all my Desire is before Thee, & my groaning is not hid from Thee: 38

THE THIRD BOOK.

The Entertainment.

ALL you whoſe better thoughts are newly born,
And (rebaptiz'd with holy fire) can ſcorn
The worlds baſe traſh, whoſe necks diſdain to bear
Th' imperious yoke of Satan; whoſe chaſt eare
No wanton ſongs of Sirens can ſurprize
With falſe delight; whoſe more then Eagle-eyes
Can view the glorious flames of gold, and gaze
On glitt'ring beams of honour, and not daze;
Whoſe ſouls can ſpurn at pleaſure, and deny
The looſe ſuggeſtions of the fleſh draw nigh:
And you whoſe am'rous, whoſe ſelect deſires
Would feel the warmth of thoſe tranſcendent fires,
Which (like the riſing Sun) put out the light
Of *Venus* ſtarre, and turn her day to night;
You that would love, and have your paſſions crown'd
With greater happineſſe then can be found
In your own wiſhes; you that would affect
Where neither ſcorn, nor guile, nor diſreſpect
Shall wound your tortur'd ſouls; that would enjoy,
Where neither want can pinch, nor fulneſſe cloy,
Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baſer fear
Unflames your courage in purſuit, draw near:
Shake hands with earth, and let your ſoul reſpect
Her joyes no further, then her joyes reflect
Upon her Makers glory: if thou ſwim
In wealth, ſee him in all; ſee all in him:

Sink'ſt thou in want, and is thy ſmall cruſe ſpent?
See him in want; enjoy him in content:
Conceiv'ſt him lodg'd in Croſſe, or loſt in pain?
In Pray'r and Patience find him out again:
Make Heav'n thy Miſtreſſe, let no change remove
Thy loyall heart; be fond; be ſick of love:
What if he ſtop his eare, or knit his brow?
At length he 'll be as fond, as ſick as thou:
Dart up thy ſoul in grones: Thy ſecret grone
Shall pierce his eare, ſhall pierce his eare alone:
Dart up thy ſoul in vowes: Thy ſacred vow
Shall find him out, where Heav'n alone ſhall know:
Dart up thy ſoul in ſighs: Thy whiſp'ring ſigh
Shall rouſe his ears, and fear no liſtner nigh:
Send up thy grones, thy ſighs, thy cloſet vow;
There 's none, there 's none ſhall know but Heav'n and thou:
Grones freſht with vowes, and vowes made ſalt with tears,
Unſcale his eyes, and ſcale his conquer'd ears:
Shoot up the boſome ſhafts of thy deſire,
Feather'd with faith, and double-forkt with fire.
And they wil hit: Fear not, where Heav'n bids come:
Heav'ns never deaf, but when mans heart is dumb.

I.

My Soul hath desired Thee in ye Night
W. Simpson Sc. Esay. 26

I.

Isaiah 29. 6.

My ſoul hath deſired thee in the night.

GOod God! what horrid darkneſſe doth ſurround
My groping ſoul! how are my ſenſes bound
In utter ſhades; and muffled from the light
Lusk in the boſome of eternall night!
The bold-fac'd Lamp of heav'n can ſet and riſe;
And with his morning glory fill the eyes
Of gazing mortalls; his victorious ray
Can chaſe the ſhadows, and reſtore the day:
Nights baſhfull Empreſſe, though ſhe often wain,
As oft repents her darkneſſe, primes again;
And with her circling horns doth re-embrace
Her brothers wealth, and orbs her ſilver face.
But ah, my Sun deep ſwallow'd in his fall,
Is ſet, and cannot ſhine, nor riſe at all:
My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow light;
Alas, my darkneſſe is perpetuall night.
Falls have their riſings, wainings have their primes,
And deſp'rate ſorrows wait their better times;
Ebs have their Floods, and Autumnes have their Springs:
All States have changes hurried with the ſwings
Of Chance and Time, ſtill tiding to and fro:
Terreſtriall bodies and celeſtiall too.
How often have I vainly grop'd about,
With length'ned arms, to find a paſſage out,
That I might catch thoſe beams mine eye deſires,
And bath my ſoul in thoſe celeſtiall fires:

Like

Like as the Haggard, cloyſter'd in her mue,
To ſcowr her downy robes, and to renew
Her broken flags, preparing t' overlook
The tim'rous Mallard at the ſliding brook,
Jets oft from perch to perch; from ſtock to ground;
From ground to window, thus ſurveying round
Her dove-beſeath'red Priſon, till at length,
(Calling her noble birth to mind, and ſtrength
Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak
Nips off her dangling jeſſes, ſtrives to break
Her gingling fetters, and begins to bate
At ev'ry glimpſe, and darts at ev'ry grate:
Ev'n ſo my weary ſoul, that long has bin
An Inmate in this Tenement of ſin,
Lockt up by cloud-brow'd Errour, which invites
My cloyſtred thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now ſcorns her ſhadows, and begins to dart
Her wing'd deſires at thee, that onely art
The Sun ſhe ſeeks, whoſe riſing beams can fright
Theſe duskie clouds that make ſo dark a night:
Shine forth, great Glory, ſhine; that I may ſee
Both how to loath my ſelf, and honour Thee:
But if my weakneſſe force thee to deny
Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye:
If I muſt want thoſe Beams I wiſh, yet grant,
That I, at leaſt, may wiſh thoſe Beams I want.

S. Augustr. Soliloqu. cap. 33.

There was a great and dark cloud of vanitie before mine eyes, ſo that I could not ſee the Sun of Juſtice, and the Light of Truth: I being the ſonne of darkneſſe, was involved in darkneſſe: I loved my darkneſſe, becauſe I knew not thy light: I was blind, and loved my blindneſſe, and did walk from darkneſſe to darkneſſe: But Lord thou art my God, who haſt led me from darkneſſe, and the ſhadow of death; haſt called me into this glorious light, and behold, I ſee.

Epig. 1.

My ſoul, chear up; what if the night be long?
Heav'n finds an eare, when ſinners find a tongue:
Thy tears are morning ſhow'rs: Heav'n bids me ſay,
When *Peters* cock begins to crow, 't is day.

II.

O Lord Thou knowest my Foolishnesse,
& my Sin̄s are not hid fro̅ Thee Ps:
W. Simpson Sc. 69. 5.

II.

Psalm 69. 3.

O Lord, thou knoweſt my fooliſhneſſe, and my ſinnes are not hid from thee.

SEeſt thou this fulſome Ideot? In what meaſure
He ſeems tranſported with the antick pleaſure
Of childiſh baubles? canſt thou but admire
The empty fulneſſe of his vain deſire?
Canſt thou conceive ſuch poore delights as theſe
Can fill th' inſatiate ſoul of man, or pleaſe
The fond aſpect of his deluded eye?
Reader, ſuch very fools are thou and I:
Falſe puffs of honour; the deceitfull ſtreams
Of wealth; the idle, vain, and empty dreams
Of pleaſure, are our traffick, and enſnare
Our ſouls, the threefold ſubject of our care:
We toyl for traſh, we barter ſolid joyes
For airy trifles; ſell our Heav'n for toyes:
We ſnatch at barly grains, whilſt pearls ſtand by
Deſpis'd; ſuch very fools art thou and I.
Aym'ſt thou at honour! does not the Ideot ſhake it
In his left hand? fond man, ſtep forth and take it:
Or would'ſt thou wealth? ſee how the fool preſents thee
With a full basket; if ſuch wealth contents thee:
Would'ſt thou take pleaſure? if the fool unſtride
His prauncing Stallion, thou mayſt up and ride:
Fond man, ſuch is the pleaſure, wealth, and honour
The earth affords ſuch fools as dote upon her;

Such

Such is the game whereat earths ideots fly ;
Such ideots, ah, ſuch fools are thou and I :
Had rebell-mans fool-hardineſſe extended
No further then himſelf, and there had ended,
It had been juſt ; but, thus enrag'd to fly
Upon th' eternall eyes of Majeſty,
And drag the Son of Glory from the breaſt
Of his indulgent Father ; to arreſt
His great and ſacred Perſon ; in diſgrace,
To ſpit and ſpaul upon his Sun bright face ;
To taunt him with baſe terms ; and being bound,
To ſcourge his ſoft, his trembling ſides ; to wound
His head with thorns ; his heart with humane fears ;
His hands with nails, and his pale ſlank with ſpears :
And then to paddle in the purer ſtream
Of his ſpilt blood, is more then moſt extreme :
Great builder of mankind, canſt thou propound
All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound
Thy handy-work ? O, canſt thou chooſe but ſee,
That mad'ſt the eye ? can ought behid from thee ?
Thou ſeeſt our perſons, Lord, and not our guilt ;
Thou ſeeſt not what thou maiſt, but what thou wilt :
The Hand that form'd us, is enforc'd to be
A Screen ſet up betwixt thy work and thee :
Look, look upon that Hand, and thou ſhalt ſpy
An open wound, a through-fare for thine eye ;
Or if that wound be clos'd, that paſſage be
Deny'd between thy gracious eyes and me,
Yet view the ſcarre ; that ſcarre will countermand
Thy wrath : O read my fortune in thy hand.

S. Chrys.

S. Chrys. Hom. 4. Joan.

Fools ſeem to abound in wealth, when they want all things; they ſeem to enjoy happineſſe, when indeed they are onely moſt miſerable; neither do they underſtand that they are deluded by their fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.

S. Greg. in Mor.

By ſo much the more are we inwardly fooliſh, by how much we ſtrive to ſeem outwardly wiſe.

Epig. 2.

Rebellious fool, what has thy folly done:
Controul'd thy God, and crucifi'd his Sonne?
How ſweetly has the Lord of life deceiv'd thee?
Thou ſhedſt his bloud, and that ſhed blood has ſav'd thee.

III.

Haue mercy on me oLd for I am weake
oLd heals me for my bones are vexed
Ps: 62.

III.

Psalm 6. 2.

Have mercy, Lord, upon me, for I am weak;
O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.

Soul. *Jesus.*

Soul AH, Son of David, help: *Jes.* What sinfull crie
Implores the Son of David? *Soul* It is I:
Jes. Who art thou? *Soul* Oh, a deeply wounded breast
That 's heavy laden, and would fain have rest.
Jes. I have no scraps, and dogs must not be fed
Like houshold children with the childrens bread.
Soul True, Lord; yet tolerate a hungry whelp
To lick their crummes: O Sonne of David, help.
Jes. Poore Soul, what ail'st thou? *Soul* O I burn, I fry;
I cannot rest, I know not where to fly
To find some ease; I turn my blubber'd face
From man to man; I roul from place to place,
T' avoid my tortures, to obtein relief,
But still am dogg'd and haunted with my grief:
My midnight torments call the sluggish light,
And when the morning 's come, they woo the night.
Jes. Surcease thy tears, and speak thy free desires. (fires.
Soul Quench, quench my flames, and swage these scorching
Jes. Canst thou believe my hand can cure thy grief?
Soul Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief.
Jes. Hold forth thy arm, and let my fingers try
Thy pulse; where chiefly doth thy torment lie?

Soul From head to foot; it reignes in ev'ry part,
But playes the self-law'd tyrant in my heart.
Jes. Canst thou digest? canst relish wholesome food?
Haw stands thy taste? *Soul* To nothing that is good:
All sinfull trash, and earths unsav'ry stuff
I can digest and relish well enough.
Jes. Is not thy bloud as cold as hot, by turns?
Soul Cold to what 's good; to what is bad it burns.
Jes. How old 's thy grief? *Soul* I took it at the fall
With eating fruit. *Jes.* 'T is Epidemicall:
Thy bloud 's infected, and th' infection sprung
From a bad liver: 'T is a feaver strong
And full of death unlesse, with present speed,
A vein be op'ned; thou must die, or bleed.
Soul O I am faint and spent: that launce that shall
Let forth my bloud, lets forth my life withall:
My soul wants cordials, and has greater need
Of bloud, then (being spent so far) to bleed:
I faint already: If I bleed, I die.
Jes. 'T is either thou must bleed, sick soul, or I:
My bloud 's a cordiall. He that sucks my veins,
Shall cleanse his own, and conquer greater pains
Then these: cheer up; this precious bloud of mine
Shall cure thy grief; my heart shall bleed for thine:
Believe, and view me with a faithfull eye,
Thy soul shall neither languish, bleed, nor die.

S. Augustr.

S. Augvst. lib. 10. Confeſſ.

Lord, be merciſull unto me: Ah me: Behold, I hide not my wounds: Thou art a Phyſician, and I am ſick; Thou art merciſull, and I am miſerable.

S. Greg. in Paſtoral.

O Wiſdome, with how ſweet an art doth thy wine and oyl reſtore health to my healthleſſe ſoul! How powerfully merciſull, how merciſully powerfull art thou! Powerfull for me, merciſull to me!

Epig. 3.

Canſt thou be ſick, and ſuch a Doctour by?
Thou canſt not live, unleſſe thy Doctour die!
Strange kind of grief, that finds no med'cine good
To ſwage her pains, but the Phyſicians bloud!

IV.

Look Vpon my Afflictiō & mi
sery & forgiue mee all my Sinne
W. S. Sc.

IV.

Psalm 25. 18.

Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all my ſinnes.

BOth work and ſtrokes? both laſh and labour too?
What more could Edom, or proud Aſſhur do?
Stripes after ſtripes? and blows ſucceding blows?
Lord, has thy ſcourge no mercy, and my woes
No end? my pains no eaſe? no intermiſſion?
Is this the ſtate? Is this the ſad condition
Of thoſe that truſt thee? will thy goodneſſe pleaſe
T'allow no other favours? none but theſe?
Will not the rhet'rick of my torments move?
Are theſe the ſymptomes? theſe the ſignes of love?
Is 't not enough, enough that I fulfill
The toylſome task of thy laborious mill?
May not this labour expiate and purge
My ſinne, without th' addition of thy ſcourge?
Look on my cloudy brow, how faſt it rains
Sad ſhowers of ſweat, the fruits of fruitleſſe pains:
Behold theſe ridges; ſee what purple furrows
Thy plow has made; O think upon thoſe ſorrows
That once were thine; wilt, wilt thou not be woo'd
To mercy, by the charms of ſweat and blood?
Canſt thou forget that drowſie mount, wherein
Thy dull Diſciples ſlept? was not my ſinne
There puniſh'd in thy ſoul? did not this brow
Then ſweat in thine? were not thoſe drops enow?

Remember Golgotha, where that ſpring-tide
O'rflow'd thy ſovereigne Sacramentall ſide:
There was no ſinne, there was no guilt in Thee,
That caus'd thoſe pains; thou ſweat'ſt, thou bledſt for me.
Was there not bloud enough, when one ſmall drop
Had pow'r to ranſome thouſand worlds, and ſtop
The mouth of Juſtice? Lord, I bled before
In thy deep wounds; can Juſtice challenge more?
Or doſt thou vainly labour to hedge in
Thy loſſes from my ſides? my bloud is thin,
And thy free bountie ſcorns ſuch eaſie thrift;
No, no, thy bloud came not as lone but gift.
But muſt I ever grind? And muſt I earn
Nothing but ſtripes? O wilt thou diſaltern
The reſt thou gav'ſt? Haſt thou perus'd the curſe
Thou laid'ſt on *Adams* fall, and made it worſe?
Canſt thou repent of mercy? Heav'n thought good
Loſt man ſhould feed in ſweat; not work in bloud:
Why doſt thou wound th' already wounded breaſt?
Ah me! my life is but a pain at beſt:
I am but dying duſt: my dayes, a ſpan;
What pleaſure tak'ſt thou in the bloud of man?
Spare, ſpare thy ſcourge, and be not ſo auſtere;
Send fewer ſtroaks, or lend more ſtrength to bear.

S. Bern.

S. Bern. Hom. 81. in Cant.

Miſerable man! who ſhall deliver me from the reproch of this ſhamefull bondage? I am a miſerable man but a free man; free, becauſe a man; miſerable, becauſe a ſervant: In regard of my bondage, miſerable; in regard of my will, inexcuſable: For my will, that was free, beſlaved it ſelf to ſinne, by aſſenting to ſinne; for he that committeth ſinne is the ſervant to ſinne.

Epig. 4.

Taxe not thy God: Thine own defaults did urge
This twofold puniſhment; the mill the ſcourge.
Thy ſin 's the authour of thy ſelf-tormenting:
Thou grind'ſt for ſinning; ſcourg'd for not repenting.

V.

Remember I beseech thee, that thow hast made me as the clay, & wilt thow bring me into dust againe? Iob. 10. 9. will: simp: scu:

V.

Job 10. 9.

Remember, I beſeech thee, that thou haſt made me as the clay, and wilt thou bring me to duſt again?

THus from the boſome of the new-made earth
Poore man was delv'd, and had his unborn birth;
The ſame the ſtuffe the ſelf-ſame hand doth trim
The plant that fades, the beaſt that dies, and him:
One was their ſire, one was their common mother,
Plants are his ſiſters, and the beaſt his brother,
The elder too; beaſts draw the ſelf-ſame breath,
Wax old alike, and die the ſelf-ſame death:
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes arraid;
Alike they flouriſh, and alike they fade:
The beaſt in ſenſe exceeds him and in growth,
The three-ag'd oake doth thrice exceed them both:
Why look'ſt thou then ſo big, thou little ſpan
Of earth? What art thou more in being man?
I, but my great Creatour did inſpire
My choſen earth with that diviner fire
Of reaſon; gave me judgement and a will;
That to know good; this to chuſe good from ill:
He put the rains of pow'r in my free hand,
And juriſdiction over ſea and land:
He gave me art to lengthen out my ſpan
Of life, and made me all, in being man:

I,

I, but thy paſſion has committed treaſon
Againſt the ſacred perſon of thy reaſon:
Thy judgement is corrupt, perverſe thy will;
That knows no good, and this makes choice of ill:
The greater height ſends down the deeper fall;
And good declin'd turns bad, turns worſt of all.
Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can
Thy greatneſſe claim the more in being man?
O but my ſoul tranſcends the pitch of nature,
Born up by th' Image of her high Creatour;
Outbraves the life of reaſon, and beats down
Her waxen wings, kicks off her brazen crown.
My earth 's a living Temple t' entertein
The King of Glory, and his glorious train:
How can I mend my title then? where can
Ambition find a higher ſtyle then man?
Ah, but that Image is defac'd and ſoil'd;
Her Temple 's raz'd, her Altars all defil'd;
Her veſſels are polluted and diſtain'd
With lothed luſt, her ornaments prophan'd;
Her oyl-forſaken lamps, and hallow'd tapours
Put out; her incenſe breaths unſav'ry vapours:
Why ſwell'ſt thou then ſo big, thou little ſpan
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
Eternall Potter, whoſe bleſt hands did lay
My courſe foundation from a ſod of clay,
Thou know'ſt my ſlender veſſel 's apt to leak;
Thou know'ſt my brittle temper 's prone to break;
Are my bones brazzil, or my fleſh of oake?
O, mend what thou haſt made, what I have broke:
Look, look with gentle eyes, and in thy day
Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay.

S. Augustt. Soliloq. 32.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that madeſt me, without whom nothing was made: Thou art my maker, and I thy work. I thank thee, my Lord God, by whom I live, and by whom all things ſubſiſt, becauſe thou madeſt me: I thank thee, O my Potter, becauſe thy hands have made me, becauſe thy hands have formed me.

Epig. 5.

Why ſwell'ſt thou, man, puft up with fame and purſe?
Th' art better earth, but born to dig the worſe:
Thou cam'ſt from earth, to earth thou muſt return,
And art but earth caſt from the womb to th' urn.

VI.

What shall I do vnto thee, O thow preserver of men: why hast thou set mee as a marke against thee. Iob. 7. 20

W. Marshall. Sculpsit.

VI.

Job 7. 20.

I have ſinned; what ſhall I do unto thee, O thou preſerver of men? why haſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee?

LOrd, I have done; and, Lord, I have miſdone;
'Tis folly to conteſt, to ſtrive with one
That is too ſtrong; 't is folly to aſſail
Or prove an arm, that will, that muſt prevail.
I 've done, I 've done; theſe trembling hands have thrown
Their daring weapons down: the day 's thine own:
Forbear to ſtrike where thou haſt won the field;
The palm, the palm is thine: I yield, I yield.
Theſe treach'rous hands that were ſo vainly bold
To try a thriveleſſe combat, and to hold
Self-wounding weapons up, are now extended
For mercy from thy hand; that knee that bended
Upon her guardleſſe guard, doth now repent
Upon this naked floore; See both are bent,
And ſue for pitty: O my ragged wound
Is deep and deſp'rate, it is drench'd and drown'd
In blood and briny tears: It doth begin
To ſtink without, and putrifie within:
Let that victorious hand, that now appears
Juſt in my blood, prove gracious to my tears:
Thou great Preſerver of preſumptuous man,
What ſhall I do? what ſatisfaction can

Poore

Poore duſt and aſhes make? O if that bloud
That yet remains unſhed were half as good
As bloud of oxen; if my death might be
An offering to attone my God and me;
I would diſdain injurious life, and ſtand
A ſuiter to be wounded from thy hand.
But may thy wrongs be meaſur'd by the ſpan
Of life? or balanc'd with the bloud of man?
No, no, eternall ſinne expects for guerdon,
Eternall penance, or eternall pardon:
Lay down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away,
And pardon him that hath no price to pay;
Enlarge that ſoul, which baſe preſumption binds;
Thy juſtice cannot looſe what mercy finds:
O thou that wilt not bruiſe the broken reed,
Rub not my ſores, nor prick the wounds that bleed.
Lord, if the peeviſh infant fights and flies,
With unpar'd weapons, at his mothers eyes,
Her frowns (half mixt with ſmiles) may chance to ſhew
An angry love-trick on his arm, or ſo;
Where if the babe but make a lip and cry,
Her heart begins to melt, and by and by
She coaks his dewy-cheeks; her babe ſhe bliſſes,
And choaks her language with a thouſand kiſſes:
I am that child; lo, here I proſtrate lie,
Pleading for mercy; I repent and crie
For gracious pardon: let thy gentle ears
Heare that in words, what mothers judge in tears:
See not my frailties, Lord, but through my fear,
And look on ev'ry treſpaſſe through a tear:
Then calm thy anger, and appear more mild:
Remember, th' art a Father, I, a child.

S. Bern.

S. Bern. Ser. 21. in Cant.

Miſerable man! who ſhall deliver me from the reproch of this ſhamefull bondage? I am a miſerable man, but a free man: Free, becauſe like to God; miſerable, becauſe againſt God: O keeper of mankind, why haſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee? Thou haſt ſet me, becauſe thou haſt not hindred me: It is juſt that thy enemy ſhould be my enemy, and that he who repugneth thee, ſhould repugne me: I who am againſt thee, am againſt my ſelf.

Epig. 6.

But form'd, and fight? but born, and then rebell?
How ſmall a blaſt will make a bubble ſwell?
But dare the floore affront the hand that laid it?
So apt is duſt to fly in 's face that made it.

VII.

Wherefore hidest thou thy face, & holdest mee for thine Enemy. Job: 13.24

M.S. sc:

VII.

Job 13. 24.

Wherefore hideſt thou thy face, and holdeſt me for thine enemy?

WHy doſt thou ſhade thy lovely face? O why
Doth that eclipſing hand ſo long deny
The Sun-ſhine of thy ſoul-enliv'ning eye?

Without that *Light* what light remains in me?
Thou art my *Life*, my *Way*, my *Light*; in thee
I live, I move, and by thy beams I ſee.

Thou art my *Life*; If thou but turn away,
My life 's a thouſand deaths: thou art my *Way*:
Without thee, Lord, I travel not but ſtray.

My *Light* thou art; without thy glorious ſight,
Mine eyes are darkned with perpetuall night.
My God, thou art my *Way*, my *Life*, my *Light*.

Thou art my *Way*; I wander, if thou fly:
Thou art my *Light*; If hid, how blind am I!
Thou art my *Life*; If thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark, I cannot ſee;
To whom, or whether ſhould my darkneſſe flee,
But to the *Light*? And who 's that *Light* but thee?

My path is loſt; my wand'ring ſteps do ſtray;
I cannot ſafely go, nor ſafely ſtay;
Whom ſhould I ſeek but thee, my *Path*, my *Way*?

O, I am dead: to whom ſhall I, poore I,
Repair? to whom ſhall my ſad aſhes fly
But *Life*? And where is *Life* but in thine eye?

And yet thou turn'ſt away thy face, and fly'ſt me;
And yet I ſue for grace, and thou deny'ſt me;
Speak, art thou angry, Lord, or onely try'ſt me?

Unskreen thoſe Heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
Thou ſhad'ſt thy face; perhaps thou think'ſt, no eye
Can view thoſe flames, and not drop down and die.

If that be all, ſhine forth, and draw thee nigher;
Let me behold and die; for my deſire
Is *Phœnix*-like to periſh in that fire.

Death-conquer'd *Laz'rus* was redeem'd by thee;
If I am dead, Lord, ſet deaths priſner free;
Am I more ſpent, or ſtink I worſe then he?

If my pufft light be out, give leave to tine
My flameleſſe-ſnuff at that bright *Lamp* of thine;
O what 's thy *Light* the leſſe for lighting mine?

If I have loſt my *Path*, great Shepherd, ſay,
Shall I ſtill wander in a doubtfull way?
Lord, ſhall a Lamb of *Iſr'els* ſheepfold ſtray?

Thou art the Pilgrimes *Path*; the blind mans *Eye*;
The dead mans *Life*; on thee my hopes rely;
If thou remove, I erre; I grope; I die.

Diſcloſe thy Sun-beams; cloſe thy wings, and ſtay;
See, ſee how I am blind, and dead, and ſtray,
O thou, that art my *Light*, my *Life*, my *Way*.

S. Augustr.

S. Augustᵀ. Soliloqu. cap. 1.

Why doſt thou hide thy face? Happily thou wilt ſay, none can ſee thy face and live: Ah Lord, let me die, that I may ſee thee; let me ſee thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die. That I may ſee Chriſt, I deſire death; That I may live with Chriſt, I deſpiſe life.

Anselm. Med. cap. 5.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection! My God, Thou hideſt thy treaſure, to kindle my deſire; Thou hideſt thy pearl, to inflame the ſeeker; Thou delayeſt to give, that Thou maiſt teach me to importune; ſeem'ſt not to hear, to make me perſever.

Epig. 7.

If Heav'ns all-quickning eyes vouchſafe to ſhine
Upon our ſouls, we ſlight; If not, we whine:
Our Equinoctiall hearts can never lie
Secure beneath the Tropicks of that eye.

VIII.

O that my Head were waters, and mine eyes a fountaine of teares!

Ier: 9.1.

Will: Marshall sculpsit.

VIII.

Jeremiah 9. 1.

O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night.

O That mine eyes were ſprings, and could transform
Their drops to ſeas! my ſighs into a ſtorm
Of zeal and ſacred violence, wherein
This lab'ring veſſel laden with her ſinne,
Might ſuffer ſudden ſhipwrack, and be ſplit
Upon that rock, where my drencht ſoul may ſit
O'rwhelm'd with plenteous paſſion; O and there
Drop, drop into an everlaſting tear!
Ah me! that ev'ry ſliding vein that wanders
Through this vaſt Iſle did work her wild meanders
In brackiſh tears in ſtead of bloud, and ſwell
This fleſh with holy dropſies, from whoſe well,
Made warm with ſighs, may fume my waſting breath
Whil'ſt I diſſolve in ſteams, and reek to death!
Theſe narrow ſluces of my dribbling eyes
Are much too ſtrait for thoſe quick ſprings that riſe,
And hourely fill my temples to the top;
I cannot ſhed for ev'ry ſinne a drop.
Great builder of mankind, why haſt thou ſent
Such ſwelling flouds, and made ſo ſmall a vent!
O that this fleſh had been compos'd of ſnow,
In ſtead of earth, and bones of ice, that ſo

Feeling the fervour of my ſinne, and lothing
The fire I feel I might be thaw'd to nothing!
O thou, that didſt with hopefull joy entomb
Me thrice three moons in thy laborious womb,
And then, with joyfull pain, broughtſt forth a Son,
What worth thy labour, has thy labour done!
What was there! Ah! what was there in my birth
That could deſerve the eaſieſt ſmile of mirth?
A man was born: Alas, and what's a man?
A ſcuttle full of duſt, a meaſur'd ſpan
Of flitting Time; a furniſh'd pack, whoſe wares
Are ſullen griefs, and ſoul-tormenting cares:
A vale of tears; a veſſel tunn'd with breath,
By ſickneſſe brocht, to be drawn out by death:
A hapleſſe, helpleſſe thing, that born doth cry
To feed; that feeds to live; that lives to die.
Great God and Man, whoſe eyes ſpent drops ſo often
For me, that cannot weep enough, O ſoften
Theſe marble brains, and ſtrike this flintie rock;
Or if the muſick of thy *Peters* cock
Will more prevail, fill, fill my hearkning ears
With that ſweet ſound, that I may melt in tears:
I cannot weep, untill thou broch mine eye;
Or give me vent, or elſe I burſt and die.

S. Anbros.

S. Ambros. in Pſal. 118.

He that committeth ſinnes to be wept for, cannot weep for ſinnes committed: And being himſelf moſt lamentable, hath no tears to lament his offences.

Nazianz. Orat. 3.

Tears are the deluge of ſinne, and the worlds ſacrifice.

S. Hieron. in Eſaiam.

Prayer appeaſeth God, but a tear compelleth him: That moveth him, but this conſtraineth him.

Epig. 8.

Earth is an Iſland ported round with fears;
The way to Heav'n is through the Sea of tears:
It is a ſtormy paſſage, where is found
The wrack of many a ſhip, but no man drown'd.

IX.

The sarroues of hell haue encompas sed me the snares of death haue o uertaken me. psal. 17. Will Simpson.

IX.

Psalm 18. 5.

The ſorrows of hell compaſſed me about, and the ſnares of death prevented me.

IS not this Type well cut? In ev'ry part
Full of rich cunning? fill'd with Zeuxian Art?
Are not the hunters, and their Stygian hounds
Limm'd full to th' life? didſt ever heare the ſounds,
The muſick, and the lip-divided breaths
Of the ſtrong-winded horn, recheats, and deaths
Done more exact? th' infernall Nimrods hollow?
The lawleſſe Purliews? and the game they follow?
The hidden engines? and the ſnares that lie
So undiſcover'd, ſo obſcure to th' eye?
The new-drawn net? and her entangled prey?
And him that cloſes it? Beholder, ſay,
Is 't not well done? ſeems not an em'lous ſtrife
Betwixt the rare cut picture and the life?
Theſe Purliew-men are Devils; and the Hounds,
(Thoſe quick-nos'd Canibals that ſcour the grounds)
Temptations, and the Game theſe Fiends purſue,
Are humane ſouls, which ſtill they have in view;
Whoſe fury if they chance to ſcape by flying,
The skilfull Hunter plants his net, cloſe lying
On th' unſuſpected earth, bayted with treaſure,
Ambitious honour, and ſelf-waſting pleaſure;
Where if the ſoul but ſtoop, death ſtands prepar'd
To draw the net, and drawn, the ſoul 's enſnar'd.

Poore

Poore ſoul! how art thou hurried to and fro?
Where canſt thou ſafely ſtay? where ſafely go?
If ſtay, theſe hot-mouth'd hounds are apt to tear thee;
If go, the ſnares encloſe, the nets enſnare thee:
What good in this bad world has pow'r t' invite thee
A willing gueſt? wherein can earth delight thee?
Her pleaſures are but itch; her wealth but cares;
A world of dangers, and a world of ſnares:
The cloſe purſuers buſie hands do plant
Snares in thy ſubſtance; Snares attend thy want;
Snares in thy credit; Snares in thy diſgrace;
Snares in thy high eſtate; Snares in thy baſe;
Snares tuck thy bed, and Snares arround thy board;
Snares watch thy thoughts, and Snares attach thy word;
Snares in thy quiet; Snares in thy commotion;
Snares in thy diet; Snares in thy devotion;
Snares lurk in thy reſolves; Snares in thy doubt;
Snares lie within thy heart, and Snares without;
Snares are above thy head, and Snares beneath;
Snares in thy ſickneſſe; Snares are in thy death:
O, if theſe Purliews be ſo full of danger,
Great God of Harts, the worlds ſole ſov'reigne Ranger,
Preſerve thy Deere, and let my ſoul be bleſt
In thy ſafe Forreſt, where I ſeek for reſt:
Then let the hell-hounds rore; I fear no ill;
Rouze me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

S. Ambros.

S. Ambros. lib. 4. in cap. 4. Lucæ.

The reward of honours, the height of power, the delicacie of diet, and the beautie of a harlot are the ſnares of the devil.

S. Ambros. de bono mortis.

Whileſt thou ſeekeſt pleaſures thou runneſt into ſnares; for the eye of the harlot is the ſnare of the Adulterer.

Savanar.

In eating, he ſetteth before us gluttony; In generation, luxury; In labour, ſluggiſhneſſe; In converſing, envy; In governing, covetouſneſſe; In correcting, anger; In honour, pride; In the heart, he ſetteth evil thoughts; In the mouth, evil words; In actions, evil works: When awake, he moveth us to evil actions; when aſleep, to filthy dreams.

Epig. 9.

Be ſad, my Heart, deep dangers wait thy mirth;
Thy ſoul's way-laid by Sea, by Hell, by Earth:
Hell has her hounds; Earth, ſnares; the Sea, a ſhelf;
But moſt of all, my Heart, beware thy ſelf.

X.

Enter not into iudgment with thy seruant for no man liuing shall be iustified in thy sight Will. Simpson

X.

Psalm 143. 2.

Enter not into judgement with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

Jesus. *Justice.* *Sinner.*

Jes. BRing forth the prisner, Justice. *Just.* Thy commands
Are done, just Judge; See here the prisner stands.
Jes. What hath the prisner done? Say, what's the cause
Of his commitment? *Just.* He has broke the laws
Of his too gracious God; conspir'd the death
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,
And heapt transgression, Lord, upon transgression.
Jes. How know'st thou this? *Just.* Ev'n by his own confession
His sinnes are crying; and they cry'd aloud:
They cry'd to Heav'n; they cry'd to Heav'n for bloud.
Jes. What say'st thou, sinner? hast thou ought to plead,
That sentence should not passe? hold up thy head,
And shew thy brasen, thy rebellious face.
Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and base
To tread upon the earth, much more to lift
Mine eyes to Heav'n: I need no other shrift
Then mine own conscience; Lord, I must confesse,
I am no more then dust, and no whit lesse
Then my inditement styles me. Ah, if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,
What flesh can stand? I have transgrest thy laws;
My merits plead thy vengeance, not my cause.

Just.

Juſt. Lord, ſhall I ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Hold, Juſtice, ſtay:
Sinner, ſpeak on; what haſt thou more to ſay?
Sin. Vile as I am, and of my ſelf abhorr'd,
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord,
Stampt with thy glorious Image, and at firſt
Moſt like to thee, though now a poore accurſt
Convicted catiff, and degen'rous creature,
Here trembling at thy bar. *Juſt.* Thy fault 's the greater.
Lord, ſhall I ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Hold, Juſtice, ſtay:
Speak, ſinner; haſt thou nothing more to ſay?
Sin. Nothing but *Mercy*, *Mercy*; Lord, my ſtate
Is miſerably poore and deſperate;
I quite renounce my ſelf, the world, and flee
From Lord to *Jeſus*: from thy ſelf, to thee.
Juſt. Ceaſe thy vain hopes; my angry God has vow'd
Abuſed mercy muſt have bloud for bloud:
Shall I yet ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Stay, Juſtice, hold;
My bowels yearn, my fainting bloud growes cold,
To view the trembling wretch; me thinks I ſpy
My fathers image in the priſners eye.
Juſt. I cannot hold. *Jeſ.* Then turn thy thirſty blade
Into my ſides: let there the wound be made:
Chear up, dear ſoul, redeem thy life with mine:
My ſoul ſhall ſmart, my heart ſhall bleed for thine.
Sin. O ground-leſſe deeps! O love beyond degree!
Th' offended dies to ſet th' offender free.

S. Auguſt.

S. AUGUST.

Lord, if I have done that, for which thou maiſt damne me; thou haſt not loſt that, whereby thou maiſt ſave me: Remember not, ſweet Jeſus, thy juſtice againſt the ſinner, but thy benignity towards thy creature: Remember not to proceed againſt a guilty ſoul, but remember thy mercy towards a miſerable wretch: Forget the inſolence of the provoker, and behold the miſery of the invoker; for what is Jeſus but a Saviour?

ANSELM.

Have reſpect to what thy Sonne hath done for me, and forget what my ſinnes have done againſt thee: My fleſh hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the fleſh of Chriſt move thee to mercy: It is much that my rebellions have deſerved; but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited.

EPIG. 10.

Mercie of mercies! He that was my drudge
Is now my Advocate, is now my Judge:
He ſuffers, pleads, and ſentences, alone:
Three I adore, and yet adore but One.

XI.

Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deepe ſwallow me vp.
Pſ: 69. 15. Will: Simpſon ſculpſit

XI.

Psalm 69. 15.

Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deeps ſwallow me up.

THe world 's a Sea; my fleſh a Ship that 's mann'd
With lab'ring Thoughts, and ſteer'd by Reaſons hand:
My Heart 's the Sea-mans Card, whereby ſhe ſails;
My looſe Affections are the greater Sails:
The Top-ſail is my Fancie, and the Guſts
That fill theſe wanton ſheets are worldly Luſts.
Pray'r is the Cable, at whoſe end appears
The Anchor Hope, nev'r ſlipt but in our fears:
My Will 's th' unconſtant Pilot, that commands
The ſtagg'ring Keel; my Sinnes are like the Sands:
Repentance is the Bucket, and mine Eye
The Pump, unus'd (but in extremes) and dry:
My Conſcience is the Plummet that doth preſſe
The deeps, but ſeldome cries, *A fathom leſſe:*
Smooth Calm 's ſecurity; the Gulf, deſpair;
My Fraught 's Corruption, and this Life 's my Fair:
My Soul 's the Paſſenger, confus'dly driven
From fear to fright; her landing-Port is Heaven.
My Seas are ſtormy, and my Ship doth leak;
My Saylers rude; my Steerſman faint and weak:
My Canvace torn, it flaps from ſide to ſide;
My Cable 's crakt, my Anchor 's ſlightly ti'd;
My Pilot 's craz'd, my ſhipwrack-Sands are cloak'd;
My Bucket 's broken, and my Pump is choak'd;

My Calm 's deceitfull ; and my Gulf too near ;
My Wares are ſlubber'd, and my Fare 's too dear :
My Plummet 's light, it cannot ſink nor ſound ;
O ſhall my Rock-bethreatned Soul be drown'd ?
Lord, ſtill the Seas, and ſhield my Ship from harm ;
Inſtruct my Sailours, guid my Steerſmans arm :
Touch thou my Compaſſe, and renew my Sails
Send ſtiffer courage, or ſend milder gales ;
Make ſtrong my Cable ; bind my Anchor faſter ;
Direct my Pilot, and be thou his Maſter ;
Object the Sands to my more ſerious view,
Make ſound my Bucket, bore my Pump anew :
New caſt my Plummet, make it apt to try
Where the Rocks lurk, and where the Quickſands lie ;
Guard thou the Gulf with love, my Calms with care ;
Cleanſe thou my Fraught ; accept my ſlender Fare ;
Refreſh the Sea-ſick paſſenger ; cut ſhort
His Voyage ; land him in his wiſhed Port :
Thou, Thou, whom winds and ſtormy ſeas obey,
That through the deep gav'ſt grumbling Iſr'ell way,
Say to my Soul, be ſafe ; and then mine eye
Shall ſcorn grim death, although grim death ſtand by ;
O thou whoſe ſtrength-reviving Arm did cheriſh
Thy ſinking *Peter*, at the point to periſh,
Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,
I'll come, I'll come : the voyce that calls will ſave.

S. Ambros.

S. Ambros. Apol. poſt. pro David. Cap. 3.

The confluence of luſts make a great tempeſt, which in this ſea diſturbeth the ſea-faring ſoul, that reaſon cannot govern it.

S. Auguſt. Soliloqu. Cap. 35.

we labour in a boyſterous ſea: Thou ſtandeſt upon the ſhore and ſeeſt our dangers: Give us grace to hold a middle courſe betwixt Scylla and Charybdis, that both dangers eſcaped, we may arrive at our Port ſecure.

Epig. II.

My Soul, the ſeas are rough, and thou a ſtranger
In theſe falſe coaſts; O keep aloof; there 's danger:
Caſt forth thy plummet; ſee a rock appears;
Thy ſhip wants ſea-room; make it with thy tears.

XII.

O that thou wouldst protect me in the grave, and hide me vntill thy furie be past:
Iob 14 *Will: Simpson sculp:*

XII.

JOB 14. 13.

O that thou wouldſt hide me in the grave, that thou wouldſt keep me ſecret untill thy wrath be paſt!

O Whither ſhall I fly? what path untrod
Shall I ſeek out to ſcape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where ſhall I ſojourn? what kind ſea will hide
My head from Thunder? where ſhall I abide,
Untill his flames be quench'd or laid aſide?

What, if my feet ſhould take their haſty flight,
And ſeek protection in the ſhades of night?
Alas, no ſhades can blind the God of Light.

What, if my ſoul ſhould take the wings of day,
And find ſome deſart; if ſhe ſpring away,
The wings of vengeance clip as faſt as they.

What if ſome ſolid rock ſhould entertain
My frighted ſoul? Can ſolid rocks reſtrain
The ſtroke of Juſtice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor Sea, nor Shade, nor Shield, nor Rock, nor Cave,
Nor ſilent Deſarts, nor the ſullen Grave,
Where flame-ey'd fury means to ſmite, can ſave.

The Seas will part; Graves open; Rocks will ſplit;
The Shield will cleave; the frighted Shadows flit;
Where Juſtice aims, her fiery darts muſt hit.

No, no, if ſtern-brow'd vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, nor under,
So cloſe, but will unlock, or rive in ſunder.

'T is vain to flee; 't is neither here nor there
Can ſcape that hand untill that hand forbear;
Ah me! where is he not, that 's everywhere?

'T is vain to flee; till gentle mercy ſhew
Her better eye, the farther off we go,
The ſwing of Juſtice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenious child, corrected, doth not flie
His angry mothers hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithleſſe, and the rocks are falſe;
No truſt in braſſe, no truſt in marble walls;
Poore cots are even as ſafe as Princes halls.

Great God, there is no ſafety here below;
Thou art my Fortreſſe, though thou ſeem'ſt my fo,
'T is thou that ſtrik'ſt the ſtroke muſt guard the blow.

Thou art my God; by thee I fall or ſtand;
Thy Grace hath giv'n me courage to withſtand
All tortures, but my conſcience and thy hand.

I know thy Juſtice is thy ſelf; I know,
Juſt God, thy very ſelf is Mercy too;
If not to thee, where? whither ſhould I go?

Then work thy will; If paſſion bid me flee,
My reaſon ſhall obey; my wings ſhall be
Stretcht out no further then from thee to thee.

S. Augustr.

S. Augustr. in Pſal. 30.

Whither flie I? To what place can I ſafely flie? To what mountain? To what den? To what ſtrong houſe? What caſtle ſhall I hold? What walls ſhall hold me? Whitherſoever I go, my ſelf followeth me: For whatſoever thou flieſt, O man, thou maiſt, but thy own conſcience: whereſoever O Lord, I go, I find thee if angry, a Revenger; if appeaſed, a Redeemer: What way have I, but to flie from thee to thee: That thou maiſt avo d thy God, addreſſe thee to thy Lord.

Epig. 12.

Hath vengeance found thee? Can thy fears command
No rocks to ſhield thee from her thund'ring hand?
Know'ſt thou not where to ſcape? I'll tell thee where;
My ſoul make clean thy conſcience; hide thee there.

XIII.

Are not my dayes few? Ceaſe then, and let me alone that I may bewayle me a little.

Iob. 10. 20. *will: ſimpſon. ſculpſit*

XIII.

Job 10. 20.

Are not my dayes few? Ceaſe then, and let me alone, that I may bewail my ſelf a little.

MY Glaſſe is half unſpent: Forbear t' arreſt
My thriftleſſe day too ſoon: my poore requeſt
Is that my glaſſe may run but out the reſt.

My time-devoured minutes will be done
Without thy help; ſee, ſee how ſwift they run:
Cut not my thred before my thred be ſpun.

The gain 's not great I purchaſe by this ſtay;
What loſſe ſuſtain'ſt thou by ſo ſmall delay,
To whom ten thouſand years are but a day?

My following eye can hardly make a ſhift
To count my winged houres; they fly ſo ſwift,
They ſcarce deſerve the bounteous name of gift.

The ſecret wheels of hurrying Time do give
So ſhort a warning, and ſo faſt they drive,
That I am dead before I ſeem to live.

And what 's a Life? a weary Pilgrimage,
Whoſe glory in one day doth fill the ſtage
With Childhood, Manhood, and decrepit Age.

And what 's a Life? the flouriſhing array
Of the proud Summer meadow, which to day
Wears her green pluſh, and is to morrow hay.

And what 's a Life ? A blaſt ſuſtein'd with clothing,
Maintein'd with food, retein'd with vile ſelf-lothing,
Then weary of it ſelf, again'd to nothing.

Reade on this diall, how the ſhades devour
My ſhort-liv'd winters day; houre eats up houre ;
Alas, the totall's but from eight to foure.

Behold theſe Lillies (which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view) how ſoon they droop, how ſoon they fade !

Shade not that diall, night will blind too ſoon ;
My nonag'd day already points to noon ;
How ſimple is my ſuit ! how ſmall my boon !

Nor do I beg this ſlender inch, to while
The time away, or falſely to beguile
My thoughts with joy ; here 's nothing worth a ſmile.

No, no : 't is not to pleaſe my wanton ears
With frantick mirth , I beg but houres, not years :
And what thou giv'ſt me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that ſoul which would be rather led ;
That *Seed* has yet not broke my Serpents head ;
O ſhall I dy before my ſinnes are dead ?

Behold theſe rags ; am I a fitting gueſt
To taſt the dainties of thy royall feaſt,
With hands and face unwaſh'd, ungirt, unbleſt ?

Firſt, let the Jordan ſtreams (that find ſupplies
From the deep fountain of my heart) ariſe,
And cleanſe my ſpots, and clear my leprous eyes.

I have a world of ſinnes to be lamented ;
I have a ſea of tears that muſt be vented :
O ſpare till then ; and then I die contented.

S. Augvst. lib. de Civit. Dei Cap. 10.

The time wherein we live is taken from the ſpace of our life; and what remaineth is dayly made leſſe and leſſe, in ſo much that the time of our life is nothing but a paſſage to death.

S. Greg. lib. 9. Cap. 44. in Cap 10. Job.

As moderate afflictions bring tears, ſo immoderate take away tears; In ſo much that ſorrow becometh no ſorrow, which ſwallowing up the mind of the afflicted, taketh away the ſenſe of the affliction.

Epig. 13.

Fear'ſt thou to go, when ſuch an Arm invites thee?
Dread'ſt thou thy loads of ſinne? or what affrights thee?
If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins;
Fool, can he bear thee hence, and not thy ſins?

XIV.

Oh that they were wiſe, then they would vnderſtand this; they would conſider their latter end. Deuteron: 32. · I Payne ſcul

XIV.

Deuteronomy 32. 29.

O that men were wiſe, and that they underſtood this, that they would conſider their latter end.

Fleſh. *Spirit.*

Fl. WHat means my ſiſters eye ſo oft to paſſe
Through the long entry of that Optick glaſſe?
Tell me; what ſecret virtue doth invite
Thy wrinkled eye to ſuch unknown delight?
Sp. It helps the ſight, makes things remote appear
In perfect view; It draws the object near.
Fl. What ſenſe-delighting objects doſt thou ſpie?
What doth that Glaſſe preſent before thine eye?
Sp. I ſee thy foe, my reconciled friend,
Grim Death, even ſtanding at the Glaſſes end;
His left hand holds a branch of Palm; his right
Holds forth a two-edg'd ſword. *Fl.* A proper ſight!
And is this all? doth thy Proſpective pleaſe
Th' abuſed fancy with no ſhapes but theſe?
Sp. Yes, I behold the dark'ned Sun bereav'n
Of all his light, the battlements of Heav'n
Swelt'ring in flames; the Angel-guarded Sonne
Of glory on his high Tribunal-Throne;
I ſee a Brimſtone Sea of boyling fire,
And Fiends, with knotted whips of flaming wire,
Tort'ring poore ſouls, that gnaſh their teeth in vain,
And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for pain.

Look

Look, ſiſter, how the queazy-ſtomack'd Graves
Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves
Scàlld their conſumeleſſe bodyes, ſtrongly curſing
All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nurſing.
Fl. Can thy diſtemper'd fancy take delight
In view of tortures? theſe are ſhowes t' affright:
Look in this glaſſe triangular; look here,
Here 's that will raviſh eyes. *Sp.* What ſeeſt thou there?
Fl. The world in colours, colours that diſtain
The cheeks of *Proteus*, or the ſilken train
Of *Flora's* Nymphs; ſuch various ſorts of hiew,
As Sun-confronting *Iris* never knew:
Here, if thou pleaſe to beautifie a town,
Thou maiſt; or with a hand, turn 't upſide down;
Here mayſt thou ſcant or widen by the meaſure
Of thine own will; make ſhort or long at pleaſure:
Here mayſt thou tire thy fancy, and adviſe
With ſhows more apt to pleaſe more curious eyes.
Sp. Ah fool! that dot'ſt on vain, on preſent toyes,
And diſreſpect'ſt thoſe true, thoſe future joyes!
How ſtrongly are thy thoughts befool'd, alas,
To dote on goods that periſh with thy glaſſe!
Nay, vaniſh with the turning of a hand!
Were they but painted colours, it might ſtand
With painted reaſon, that they might devote thee;
But things that have no being to beſot thee?
Foreſight of future torments is the way
To baulk thoſe ills which preſent joyes bewray;
As thou haſt fool'd thy ſelf, ſo now come hither,
Break that fond glaſſe, and let 's be wiſe together.

S. Bonavent.

BONAVENT. de contemptu ſeculi.

O that men would be wiſe, underſtand, and foreſee: Be wiſe, to know three things: The multitude of thoſe that are to be damned: the few number of thoſe that are to be ſaved; and the vanity of tranſitory things: Vnderſtand three things; the multitude of ſinnes, the omiſſion of good things, and the loſſe of time: Foreſee three things, the danger of death, the laſt judgement, and eternall puniſhment.

EPIG. 14.

What, Soul, no further yet? what nev'r commence
Maſter in Faith? Still batchelour of Senſe?
Is 't inſufficiency? Or what has made thee
Oreſlip thy loſt degree? thy luſts have ſtaid thee.

XI.

My life is spent with griefe. & my yeeres with Sighing. Ps: 30: 10. WM. sculp:

XV.

Psalm 30. 10.

My life is ſpent with grief, and my years with ſighing.

WHat ſullen Starre rul'd my untimely birth,
That would not lend my dayes one houre of mirth!
How oft have theſe bare knees been bent, to gain
The ſlender alms of one poore ſmile, in vain!
How often, tir'd with the faſtidious light,
Have my faint lips implor'd the ſhades of night?
How often have my nightly torments praid
For lingring twilight, glutted with the ſhade?
Day worſe then night, night worſe then day appears,
In fears I ſpend my nights; my dayes in tears:
I moan unpitti'd, grone without relief,
There is nor end, nor meaſure of my grief.
The ſmiling flow'r ſalutes the day; it growes
Untouch'd with care; it neither ſpins nor ſowes:
O that my tedious life, were like this flow'r,
Or freed from grief, or finiſh'd with an houre:
Why was I born? Why was I born a man?
And why proportion'd by ſo large a ſpan?
Or why ſuſpended by the common lot,
And being born to dy, why dy I not?
Ah me! why is my ſorrow-waſted breath
Deni'd the eaſie priviledge of death?
The branded ſlave, that tugs the weary oare,
Obteins the Sabbath of a welcome ſhore;
His ranſom'd ſtripes are heal'd; his native ſoyl
Sweetens the mem'ry of his forrein toyl:

But ah! my ſorrows are not half ſo bleſt;
My labour finds no point, my pains no reſt:
I barter ſighs for tears, and tears for grones,
Still vainly rolling Siſyphean ſtones:
Thou juſt Obſerver of our flying houres,
That, with thy Adamantine fangs, devours
The brazen monuments of renowned Kings,
Doth thy glaſſe ſtand? Or be thy moulting wings
Unapt to fly? If not why doſt thou ſpare
A willing breaſt; a breaſt that ſtands ſo fair?
A dying breaſt, that hath but onely breath
To beg a wound, and ſtrength to crave a death?
O that the pleaſed Heav'ns would once diſſolve
Theſe fleſhly fetters, that ſo faſt involve
My hamp'red ſoul; then ſhould my ſoul be bleſt
From all theſe ills, and wrap her thoughts in reſt:
Till then, my dayes are months, my months are years,
My years are ages to be ſpent in tears:
My grief 's entail'd upon my waſtfull breath,
Which no recov'ry can cut off, but death;
Breath drawn in cottages, puft out in thrones,
Begins, continues, and concludes in grones.

INNOCENT. de vilitate condit. humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may bewail the miſerable ingreſſe of mans condition; the ſinfull progreſſe of mans converſation, the damnable egreſſe in mans diſſolution? I will conſider with tears, whereof man was made, what man doth, and what man is to do: Alas, he is formed of earth, conceived in ſinne, born to puniſhment: He doth evil things, which are not lawfull; He doth filthy things, which are not decent; He doth vain things, which are not expedient.

EPIG. 15.

My heart, Thy life 's a debt by Bond, which bears
A ſecret date; the uſe is Grones and Tears:
Plead not; uſurious Nature will have all,
As well the Int'reſt as the Principall.

I.

My soule hath coueted to desire thy Iudgements. psal. 119. Will Simpson

THE FOURTH BOOK.

I.

ROMANES 7. 23.

I ſee another Law in my members warring againſt the Law of my mind, and bringing me into captivitie to the Law of ſinne.

1

O How my will is hurried to and fro,
And how my unreſolv'd reſolves do vary!
I know not where to fix; ſometimes I go
This way, then that, and then the quite contrary:
I like, diſlike; lament for what I could not;
I do, undo; yet ſtill do what I ſhould not;
And at the ſelf ſame inſtant will the thing I would not.

2

Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts oppreſt
With th' earth-bred winds of my prodigious will;
Thus am I hourely toſt from Eaſt to Weſt
Upon the rowling ſtreams of good and ill:
Thus am I driven upon theſe ſlipp'ry ſuds,
From reall ills to falſe apparent goods:
My life 's a troubled ſea, compos'd of Ebs and Flouds.

3

The curious Penman, having trimm'd his page
With the dead language of his dabbled quill,
Lets fall a heedleſſe drop, then in a rage
Caſhiers the fruits of his unlucky skill;
Ev'n ſo my pregnant ſoul in th' infant bud
Of her beſt thoughts, ſhowrs down a cole-black flood
Of unadviſed ills, and cancels all her good.

4

Sometimes a ſudden flaſh of ſacred heat
Warms my chill ſoul, and ſets my thoughts in frame:
But ſoon that fire is ſhouldred from her ſeat
By luſtfull *Cupids* much inferiour flame:
I feel two flames, and yet no flame entire;
Thus are the mungrill thoughts of mixt deſire
Conſum'd between that heav'nly and this earthly fire.

5

Sometimes my traſh-diſdaining thoughts out-paſſe
The common period of terrene conceit;
O then, me thinks I ſcorn the thing I was,
Whilſt I ſtand raviſht at my new eſtate:
But when th' Icarian wings of my deſire
Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,
O then they melt and plunge within their wonted mire.

6

I know the nature of my wav'ring mind;
I know the frailty of my fleſhly will:
My Paſſion 's Eagle-ey'd; my judgement blind;
I know what 's good, but yet make choice of ill.
When th' Oſtrich wings of my deſires ſhall be
So dull, they cannot mount the leaſt degree,
Yet grant my ſoul deſire but of deſiring thee.

S. Bern.

S. Bern. Med. 9.

My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and inſtable heart; while it is led by its own judgement, and wanting Divine counſel cannot ſubſiſt in it ſelf, and whileſt it divers wayes ſeeketh reſt, findeth none, but remaineth miſerable through labour, and void of peace: It agreeth not with it ſelf; it diſſenteth from it ſelf; it altereth reſolutions, changeth the judgement, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again: It willeth and willeth not; and never remaineth in the ſame ſtate.

S. Auguſt. de verb. Apoſt.

When it would, it cannot; becauſe when it might, it would not: Therefore by an evil will man loſt his good power.

Epig. 1.

My ſoul, how are thy thoughts diſturb'd, confin'd,
Enlarg'd betwixt thy members and thy mind!
Fix here or there; thy doubt-depending cauſe
Can nev'r expect one verdict 'twixt two Laws.

II,

Oh that my wayes were Directed to keepe thy Statutes. Ps. 119. 5.

W. Simpson Sculp.

II.

Psalm 119. 5.

O that my wayes were directed to keep thy Statutes?

1

THus I, the obj ect of the worlds diſdain,
With Pilgrime-pace ſurround the weary earth:
I onely reliſh what the world counts vain;
Her mirth 's my grief; her ſullen grief, my mirth;
Her light my darkneſſe; and her truth my errour;
Her freedom is my jail; and her delight my terrour.

2

Fond earth! proportion not my ſeeming love
To my long ſtay; let not thy thoughts deceive thee;
Thou art my priſon, and my home 's above;
My life 's a preparation but to leave thee:
Like one that ſeeks a doore, I walk about thee:
With thee I cannot live; I cannot live without thee.

3

The world 's a lab'rinth, whoſe anfractuous wayes
Are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd meanders:
No reſting here; He 's hurried back that ſtayes
A thought; and he that goes unguided wanders:
Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n;
So hard 's the way from earth; ſo hard 's the way to Heav'n.

4

This gyring lab'rinth is betrench'd about
On either hand with ſtreams of ſulph'rous fire,
Streams cloſely ſliding, erring in and out,
But ſeeming pleaſant to the fond deſcrier;
Where if his footſteps truſt their own invention,
He falls without redreſſe, and ſinks beyond dimenſion.

Where

5

Where ſhall I ſeek a Guide? where ſhall I meet
Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces?
What truſty Lantern will direct my feet
To ſcape the danger of theſe dang'rous places?
What hopes have I to paſſe without a Guide?
Where one gets ſafely through, a thouſand fall beſide.

6

An unrequeſted Starre did gently ſlide
Before the Wiſemen to a greater Light;
Back-ſliding Iſr'el found a double Guide;
A Pillar, and a Cloud; by day, by night:
Yet in my deſp'rate dangers, which be farre
More great then theirs, I have nor Pillar, Cloud, nor Starre.

7

O that the pineons of a clipping Dove
Would cut my paſſage through the empty Aire;
Mine eyes being ſeeld, how would I mount above
The reach of danger and forgotten care!
My backward eyes ſhould nev'r commit that fault,
Whoſe laſting guilt ſhould build a Monument of *Salt*.

8

Great God, that art the flowing Spring of Light,
Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent Ray:
Thou art my Path; direct my ſteps aright;
I have no other Light, no other Way:
I'll truſt my God, and him alone purſue;
His Law ſhall be my Path; his Heav'nly Light my Clue.

S. Augvst.

S. Augvst. Soliloqu. cap. 4.

O Lord, who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life; in whom there is no darkneſſe, errour, vanitie, nor death: The Light, without which there is darkneſſe; The Way, without which there is wandering; The Truth, without which there is errour; The Life, without which there is death: Say, Lord, Let there be Light, and I ſhall ſee Light, and eſchew darkneſſe; I ſhall ſee the Way, and avoid wandering; I ſhall ſee the Truth, and ſhun errour; I ſhall ſee Life, and eſcape death: Illuminate, O illuminate my blind ſoul, which ſitteth in darkneſſe, and the ſhadow of death: and direct my feet in the way of peace.

Epig. 2.

Pilgrime, trudge on: What makes thy ſoul complain
Crownes thy complaint. The way to reſt is pain:
The road to reſolution lies by doubt:
The next way home 's the fartheſt way about.

III.

Stay my stepps in thy Pathes that my feet do not slide. Ps. 17. 5.

W. M. *Sc:*

III.

Psalm 17. 5.

Stay my steps in thy paths, that my feet do not slide.

1

When ere the old Exchange of profit rings
Her silver Saints-bell of uncertain gains,
My merchant soul can stretch both legs and wings;
How I can run, and take unwearied pains!
The charms of profit are so strong, that I
Who wanted legs to go find wings to fly.

2

If time-beguiling Pleasure but advance
Her lustfull trump, and blow her bold alarms,
O how my sportfull soul can frisk and dance,
And hug that Syren in her twined arms!
The sprightly voyce of sinew-strengthning pleasure
Can lend my bedrid soul both legs and leasure.

3

If blazing Honour chance to fill my veins
With flatt'ring warmth, and flash of Courtly fire,
My soul can take a pleasure in her pains;
My lofty strutting steps disdain to tire;
My antick knees can turn upon the hinges
Of Complement, and skrue a thousand cringes.

4

But when I come to Thee, my God, that art
The royall Myne of everlasting treasure,
The reall Honour of my better part,
And living Fountain of eternall pleasure,
How nerveless are my limbs! how faint and slow!
I have nor wings to fly, nor legs to go.

So

5

So when the ſtreams of ſwift-foot Rhene convay
Her upland riches to the Belgick ſhore;
The idle veſſel ſlides the wat'ry lay,
Without the blaſt, or tug, of wind, or oare;
Her ſlipp'ry keel divides the ſilver ſome
With eaſe; ſo facil is the way from home.

6

But when the home-bound veſſel turns her ſails
Againſt the breaſt of the reſiſting ſtream,
O then ſhe ſlugs; nor ſail, nor oare prevails;
The Stream is ſturdy, and her Tides extreme:
Each ſtroke is loſſe, and ev'ry tug is vain:
A Boat-lengths purchaſe is a League of pain.

7

Great All in All, that art my reſt, my home;
My way is tedious, and my ſteps are ſlow:
Reach forth thy helpfull hand, or bid me come:
I am thy child, O teach thy child to go:
Conjoyn thy ſweet commands to my deſire;
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. Augustr.

S. AUGUST. Ser. 15. de Verb. Apoſt.

Be alwayes diſpleaſed at what thou art, if thou deſireſt to attain to what thou art not: For where thou haſt pleaſed thy ſelf, there thou abideſt: But if thou ſayeſt, I have enough, thou periſheſt: Alwayes adde, alwayes walk, alwayes proceed; neither ſtand ſtill, nor go back, nor deviate: He that ſtandeth ſtill, proceedeth not; He goeth back, that continueth not; He deviateth, that revolteth: He goeth better that creepeth in his way, then he that runneth out of his way.

EPIG. 3.

Fear not, my Soul, to loſe for want of cunning;
Weep not; Heav'n is not alwayes got by running:
Thy thoughts are ſwift, although thy legs be ſlow;
True love will creep, not having ſtrength to go.

IV.

My flesh trembleth for feare of thee: & I am afraide of thy Iudgments. Ps: 119. 120.

W. M. Sculp:

IV.

Psalm 119. 120.

My fleſh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgements.

Let others boaſt of luck, and go their wayes
With their fair game; know vengeance ſeldome playes
To be too forward, but doth wiſely frame
Her backward Tables for an after-game:
She gives thee leave to venture many a blot;
And, for her own advantage, hits thee not;
But when her pointed Tables are made fair,
That ſhe be ready for thee, then beware;
Then, if a neceſſary blot be ſet,
She hits thee; wins the game, perchance the ſet:
If proſp'rous chances make thy caſting high,
Be wiſely temp'rate; caſt a ſerious eye
On after dangers, and keep back thy game;
Too forward ſeed-times make thy harveſt lame:
If left-hand Fortune give thee left-hand chances,
Be wiſely patient; let no envious glances
Repine to view thy gameſters heap ſo fair;
The hindmoſt Hound takes oft the doubling Hare.
The worlds great Dice are falſe; ſometimes they go
Extremely high, ſometimes extremely low:
Of all her gameſters he that playes the leaſt
Lives moſt at eaſe, playes moſt ſecure and beſt:
The way to win, is to play fair, and ſwear
Thy ſelf a ſervant to the Crown of fear:

Fear is the Primmer of a Gameſters skill:
Who fears not Bad ſtands moſt unarm'd to Ill:
The Ill that 's wiſely fear'd, is half withſtood;
And fear of Bad is the beſt foyl to Good:
True Fear 's th' *Elixar*, which in dayes of old
Turn'd leaden Croſſes into Crowns of Gold:
The World 's the Tables; Stakes, Eternall life;
The Gameſters, Heav'n and I; Unequall ſtrife!
My Fortunes are my Dice, whereby I frame
My indiſpoſed Life: this Life 's the Game;
My ſinnes are ſev'rall Blots; the Lookers on
Are Angels; and in death the Game is done:
Lord, I'm a Bungler, and my Game doth grow
Still more and more unſhap'd; my Dice run low:
The Stakes are great; my careleſſe Blots are many;
And yet thou paſſeſt by, and hitſt not any:
Thou art too ſtrong; and I have none to guide me
With the leaſt jog; the lookers on deride me:
It is a Conqueſt undeſerving Thee,
To win a Stake from ſuch a Worm as me:
I have no more to loſe; If we perſever,
'T is loſt; and that once loſt I'm loſt for ever.
Lord, wink at faults, and be not too ſevere,
And I will play my Game with greater fear;
O give me Fear, ere Fear has paſt her date:
Whoſe blot being hit, then fears, fears then too late.

S. BERN.

S. Bern. Ser. 54. in Cant.

There is nothing ſo effectuall to obtain Grace, to retain Grace, and to regain Grace, as alwayes to be found before God not over-wiſe, but to fear: Happy art thou if thy heart be repleniſhed with three fears; a fear for received Grace, a greater fear for loſt Grace, a greateſt fear to recover Grace.

S. Auguſt. ſuper Pſalm.

Preſent fear begetteth Eternall ſecuritie: Fear God, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.

Epig. 4.

Lord, ſhall we grumble when thy flames do ſcourge us?
Our ſinnes breathe fire; that fire returns to purge us.
Lord, what an Alchymiſt art thou, whoſe skill
Tranſmutes to perfect Good from perfect ill!

V.

Turne away myne eyes least they behold wanite - psal. 118 - v.

V.

Psalm 119. 37.

Turn away mine eyes from regarding vanitie.

1

How like to threds of flax
That touch the flame, are my inflam'd desires!
How like to yielding wax
My soul dissolves before these wanton fires!
The fire, but touch'd, the flame but felt,
Like flax, I burn; like wax, I melt.

2

O how this flesh doth draw
My fetter'd soul to that deceitfull fire!
And how th' eternall Law
Is baffled by the law of my desire!
How truly bad, how seeming good
Are all the laws of flesh and bloud!

3

O wretched state of men,
The height of whose ambition is to borrow
What must be paid agen
With griping int'rest of the next dayes sorrow!
How wild his thoughts! How apt to range!
How apt to vary! Apt to change!

4

How intricate and nice
Is mans perplexed way to mans desire!
Sometimes upon the ice
He slips, and sometimes falls into the fire;
His progresse is extreme and bold,
Or very hot, or very cold.

5

The common food he doth
Suſtain his ſoul-tormenting thoughts withall,
Is honey in his mouth
To night, and in his heart, to morrow, gall;
'T is oftentimes, within an houre,
Both very ſweet and very ſowre.

6

If ſweet *Corinna* ſmile,
A Heav'n of joy breaks down into his heart:
Corinna frowns awhile?
Hels torments are but copies of his ſmart:
Within a luſtfull heart doth dwell
A ſeeming Heav'n, a very Hell.

7

Thus worthleſſe, vain, and void
Of comfort, are the fruits of earths imployment;
Which ere they be enjoy'd
Diſtract us, and deſtroy us in th' enjoyment;
Theſe be the pleaſures that are priz'd
When Heav'ns cheap pen'worth ſtands deſpis'd.

8

Lord, quench theſe haſty flaſhes,
Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring skies,
And ev'ry minute, daſhes
Againſt the wanton windows of mine eyes:
Lord, cloſe the caſement, whilſt I ſtand
Behind the curtain of thy hand.

S. Augustr.

S. Augvst. Soliloqu. cap. 4.

O thou Sun that illuminateſt both Heaven and Earth! Wo be unto thoſe eyes which do not behold thee: Wo be unto thoſe blind eyes which cannot behold thee: Wo be unto thoſe which turn away their eyes that they will not behold thee: Wo be unto thoſe that turn away their eyes that they may behold vanity.

S. Chrys. ſup. Matth. 19.

What is an evil woman but the enemy of friendſhip, an unavoidable pain, a neceſſary miſchief, a naturall tentation, a deſiderable calamity, a domeſtick danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil painted over with the colour of good

Epig. 5.

'T is vain, great God, to cloſe mine eyes from ill,
When I reſolve to keep the old man ſtill:
My rambling heart muſt cov'nant firſt with thee,
Or none can paſſe betwixt mine eyes and me.

VI.

If I haue found fauour in thy sight, let my life be giuen me at my petition.
Ester. 7. 3. Will: Simpson, sculpsit

VI.

ESTHER 7. 3.

If I have found favour in thy ſight, and if it pleaſe the King, let my life be given me at my petition.

THOu art the great *Aſſuerus*, whoſe command
Doth ſtretch from Pole to Pole; the world 's thy land;
Rebellious *Vaſhti* 's the corrupted will,
Which being call'd refuſes to fulfill
Thy juſt command: *Eſther*, whoſe tears condole
The razed City 's the regen'rate Soul;
A captive maid, whom thou wilt pleaſe to grace
With nuptiall Honour in ſtout *Vaſhti's* place:
Her kinſman, whoſe unbended knee did thwart
Proud *Hamans* glory, is the fleſhly part:
The ſober *Eunuch*, that recall'd to mind
The new-built gibbet (*Haman* had divin'd
For his own ruine) fiftie cubits high,
Is luſtfull-thought-controlling chaſtity;
Inſulting *Haman* is that fleſhly luſt
Whoſe red-hot fury, for a ſeaſon, muſt
Triumph in pride, and ſtudy how to tread
On *Mordecay*, till royall *Eſther* plead.
Great King, my ſent-for *Vaſhti* will not come;
O let the eyl o'th bleſſed Virgins womb
Cleanſe my poore *Eſther*; look, O look upon her
With gracious eyes; and let thy Beams of honour
So ſcoure her captive ſtains, that ſhe may prove
A holy Object of thy Heav'nly love:

Annoint

Annoint her with the Spiknard of thy graces,
Then try the ſweetneſſe of her chaſt embraces:
Make her the partner of thy nuptiall bed,
And ſet thy royall Crown upon her head:
If then ambitious *Haman* chance to ſpend
His ſpleen on *Mordecay*, that ſcorns to bend
The wilfull ſtiffneſſe of his ſtubborn knee,
Or baſely crouch to any Lord but thee;
If weeping *Eſther* ſhould preferre a grone
Before the high tribunal of thy Throne,
Hold forth thy golden Sceptre, and afford
The gentle audience of a gracious Lord:
And let thy royall *Eſther* be poſſeſt
Of half thy Kingdome, at her dear requeſt:
Curb luſtfull *Haman*; him that would diſgrace,
Nay, raviſh thy fair Queen before thy face:
And as proud *Haman* was himſelf enſnar'd
On that ſelf gibbet, that himſelf prepar'd;
So nail my luſt, both puniſhment and guilt
On that dear croſſe that mine own luſts have buil:.

S. Augustr.

S. Augustr. in Ep.

O Holy Spirit, alwayes inſpire me with holy works; Conſtrain me, that I may do: Counſel me, that I may love thee; Confirm me, that I may hold thee; Conſerve me, that I may not loſe thee.

S Augustr. ſup. Joan.

The Spirit ruſts where the fleſh reſteth: For as the fleſh is nouriſhed with ſweet things, the Spirit is refreſhed with ſowre.

Ibidem.

Wouldeſt thou that thy fleſh obey thy ſpirit? Then let thy ſpirit obey thy God: Thou muſt be governed, that thou maiſt govern.

Epig. 6.

Of Mercy and Juſtice is thy Kingdome built;
This plagues my ſin; and that removes my guilt:
When ere I ſue, *Aſſuerus* like decline
Thy Sceptre; Lord, ſay, Half my Kingdome 's thine.

VII.

Come my beloved, let vs goe forth into ye fields, let vs remaine in ye Villages. Cant. 7. ij

W. Simpson. Sculp:

VII.

CANTICLES 7. 11.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the fields, and let us remain in the villages.

1

Christ. *Soul.*

Chr. COme, come my dear, and let us both retire
And whiff the dainties of the fragrant fields:
Where warbling *Phil'mel* and the ſhrill-mouth'd quire
Chaunt forth their raptures; where the Turtle builds
Her lonely neſt; and where the new-born bryer
Breaths forth the ſweetneſſe that her Aprill yields:
Come, come my lovely fair, and let us trie
Theſe rurall delicates; where thou and I
May melt in private flames, and fear no ſtander by.

2

Soul. My hearts eternall joy, in lieu of whom
The earth 's a blaſt, and all the world a bubble;
Our Citie-manſion is the fairer home,
But Countrey-ſweets are tang'd with leſſer trouble:
Let 's try them both, and chuſe the better; come;
A change in pleaſure makes the pleaſure double:
One thy commands depends my go, or tarrie;
I'll ſtirre with *Martha*, or I'll ſtay with *Mary*:
Our hearts are firmly fixt, although our pleaſures varie.

Chr.

3

Chr. Our Countrey-manſion (ſituate on high)
With various Objects, ſtill renews delight ;
Her arched roof 's of unſtain'd Ivory :
Her wall 's of fiery-ſparkling Chryſolite ;
Her pavement is of hardeſt Porphery ;
Her ſpacious windows are all glaz'd with bright
And flaming Carbuncles; no need require
Titans faint rayes, or *Vulcans* feebler fire ;
And ev'ry Gate 's a Pearl ; and ev'ry Pearl, entire.

4

Soul. Fool that I was ! how were my thoughts deceiv'd !
How falſly was my fond conceit poſſeſt !
I took it for an Hermitage, but pav'd
And daub'd with neighb'ring dirt, and thacht at beſt;
Alas, I nev'r expected more, nor crav'd ;
A Turtle hop'd but for a Turtles neſt :
Come, come, my dear, and let no idle ſtay
Neglect th' advantage of the head-ſtrong day ;
How pleaſure grates that feels the curb of dull delay !

5

Chr. Come then, my Joy ; let our divided paces
Conduct us to our faireſt territory ;
O there we'll twine our ſouls in ſweet embraces ;
Soul. And in thine arms I'll tell my paſſion ſtory :
Chr. O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces ;
Soul. And all thoſe graces ſhall reflect thy glory :
Chr. O there I'll feed thee with celeſtiall *Manna* ;
I'll be thy *Elkanah*. *Soul.* And I, thy *Hanna*.
Chr. I'll ſound my trump of joy. *So.* And I'll reſound *Hoſanna*

S. Bern.

S. Bern.

O bleſſed Contemplation! The death of vices, and the life of virtues! Thee the Law and Prophets admire: Who ever atteined perfection, if not by thee! O bleſſed Solitude, the Magazine of celeſtiall treaſure! by thee things earthly, and tranſitory, are changed into Heavenly, and Eternall.

S. Bern. in Ep.

Happy is that houſe, and bleſſed is that Congregation, where Martha *ſtill complaineth of* Mary.

Epig. 7.

Mechanick ſoul, thou muſt not onely do
With *Martha*; but, with *Mary*, ponder too:
Happy 's that houſe where theſe fair ſiſters vary;
But moſt, when *Martha* 's reconcil'd to *Mary*.

VIII.

Draw me: we will run after thee because of the sauour of thy good oyntments.

Cant: 1 4 *Will: Simpson sculp:*

VIII.

CANTICLES 1. 3.

Draw me; we will follow after thee by the ſavour of thy Ointments.

THus like a lump of the corrupted Maſſe,
I lie ſecure, long loſt, before I was:
And like a block, beneath whoſe burden lies
That undiſcover'd worm that never dies,
I have no will to rouze, I have no power to riſe.

Can ſtinking *Lazarus* compound, or ſtrive
With deaths entangling fetters, and revive?
Or can the water-buried *Axe* implore
A hand to raiſe it; or it ſelf reſtore,
And from her ſandy deeps approch the dry-foot ſhore?

So hard 's the task for ſinfull fleſh and bloud
To lend the ſmalleſt ſtep to what is good;
My God, I cannot move the leaſt degree;
Ah! If but onely thoſe that active be,
None ſhould thy glory ſee, none ſhould thy glory ſee.

But if the Potter pleaſe t' inform the clay;
Or ſome ſtrong hand remove the block away;
Their lowly fortunes ſoon are mounted higher,
That proves a veſſel, which before was mire;
And this being hewn, may ſerve for better uſe then fire.

And if that life-reſtoring voyce command
Dead *Laz'rus* forth; or that great *Prophets* hand
Should charm the ſullen waters, and begin
To becken, or to dart a ſtick but in,
Dead *Laz'rus* muſt revive, and th' *Axe* muſt float again.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
To heare thy voyce, or echo to thy call;
The gloomy Clouds of mine own guilt benight me;
Thy glorious beams, nor dainty ſweets invite me;
They neither can direct; nor theſe at all delight me.

See how my ſin-bemangled body lies,
Nor having pow'r to will, nor will to riſe!
Shine home upon thy Creature, and inſpire
My liveleſſe will with thy regen'rate fire;
The firſt degree to do, is onely to deſire.

Give me the pow'r to will, the will to do;
O raiſe me up, and I will ſtrive to go:
Draw me, O draw me with thy treble twiſt,
That have no pow'r but merely to reſiſt;
O lend me ſtrength to do, and then command thy liſt.

My Soul 's a Clock, whoſe wheels (for want of uſe
And winding up, being ſubject to th' abuſe
Of eating ruſt) wants vigour to fulfill
Her twelve houres task, and ſhew her makers skill,
But idly ſleeps unmov'd, and ſtandeth vainly ſtill.

Great God, it is thy work: and therefore good.
If thou be pleas'd to cleanſe it with thy blood,
And wind it up with thy ſoul-moving keyes,
Her buſie wheels ſhall ſerve thee all her dayes;
Her hand ſhall point thy pow'r, her hammer ſtrike thy praiſe

S. Bern.

S. Bern. Serm. 21. in Cant.

Let us run, let us run, but in the ſavour of thy Ointments, not in the confidence of our merits, nor in the greatneſſe of our ſtrength: we truſt to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies, for though we run and are willing, it is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that ſheweth mercy. O let thy mercy return, and we will run: Thou like a Gyant, runneſt by thy own power; we, unleſſe thy ointment breath upon us, cannot run.

Epig. 8.

Look not, my Watch, being once repair'd to ſtand
Expecting motion from thy Makers hand.
H'as wound thee up, and cleans'd thy Cogs with blood:
If now thy wheels ſtand ſtill thou art not good.

IX.

O that thow weert as my Brother, that Sucked the Brests of my Mother. Cant: 8.1

W. marshall Sculp.

IX.

CANTICLES 8. 1.

O that thou wert as my brother, that ſucked the breaſts of my mother, I would find thee without, and I would kiſſe thee.

1

COme, come my bleſſed Infant, and immure thee
Within the Temple of my ſacred arms;
Secure mine arms, mine arms ſhall then ſecure thee
From *Herods* fury, or the high-Prieſts harms;
Or if thy danger'd life ſuſtain a loſſe,
My folded arms ſhall turn thy dying croſſe.

2

But ah, what ſavage Tyrant can behold
The beauty of ſo ſweet a face as this is,
And not himſelf be by himſelf controul'd,
And change his fury to a thouſand kiſſes?
One ſmile of thine is worth more mines of treaſure
Then there be *Myriads* in the dayes of *Ceſar*.

3

O, had the *Tetrarch*, as he knew thy birth,
So known thy ſtock, he had not ſought to paddle
In thy dear bloud; but proſtrate on the earth,
Had vaild his Crown before thy royall Cradle,
And laid the Sceptre of his Glory down,
And begg'd a Heav'nly for an Earthly Crown.

4

Illuſtrious Babe! how is thy handmaid grac'd
With a rich armfull! how doſt thou decline
Thy Majeſty, that wert ſo late embrac'd
In thy great Fathers arms, and now in mine!
How humbly gracious art thou, to refreſh
Me with thy Spirit, and aſſume my fleſh.

5

But muſt the treaſon of a traitours *Hail*
Abuſe the ſweetneſſe of theſe ruby lips?
Shall marble-hearted cruelty aſſail
Theſe Alabaſter ſides with knotted whips?
And muſt theſe ſmiling Roſes entertain
The blows of ſcorn, and flurts of baſe diſdain?

6

Ah! muſt theſe dainty little ſprigs that twine
So faſt about my neck, be pierc'd and torn
With ragged nails? and muſt theſe brows reſigne
Their Crown of Glory for a crown of thorn?
Ah, muſt this bleſſed Infant taſt the pain
Of deaths injurious pangs? nay worſe, be ſlain?

7

Sweet Babe! At what dear rates do wretched I
Commit a ſinne! Lord, ev'ry ſin 's a dart;
And ev'ry treſpaſſe lets a javelin flie;
And ev'ry javelin wounds thy bleeding heart:
Pardon, ſweet Babe, what I have done amiſſe;
And ſeal that granted pardon with a kiſſe.

BONAVENT. Soliloqu. Cap. 1.

O ſweet Jeſu, I knew not that thy kiſſes were ſo ſweet, nor thy ſociety ſo delectable, nor thy attraction ſo vertuous: For when I love thee, I am clean; when I touch thee, I am chaſt; when I receive thee, I am a virgin: O moſt ſweet Jeſu, thy embraces defile not, but cleanſe; thy attraction polluteth not, but ſanctifieth: O Jeſu, the Fountain of univerſall ſweetneſſe, pardon me, that I believed ſo late, that ſo much ſweetneſſe is in thy embraces.

EPIG. 9.

My burden 's greateſt: Let not *Atlas* boaſt:
Impartiall Reader, judge which bears the moſt:
He bears but Heav'n; my folded arms ſuſtain
Heav'ns maker, whom Heav'ns Heav'n cannot contain.

X.

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soule loveth; I sought him, but I found him not.
Cant: 3.1. Wil: Simpson sculpsit.

X.

CANTICLES 3. 1.

In my bed by night I ſought him that my ſoul loved; I ſought him, but I found him not.

THe learned Cynick, having loſt the way
To honeſt men, did in the height of day,
By Taper-light, divide his ſteps about
The peopled ſtreets to find this dainty out;
But fail'd: The Cynick ſearch'd not where he ought:
The thing he ſought for was not where he ſought.
The Wiſemens task ſeem'd harder to be done,
The Wiſemen did by Starre-light ſeek the Sonne,
And found: the Wiſemen ſearch'd it where they ought;
The thing they hop'd to find was where they ſought.
One ſeeks his wiſhes where he ſhould; but then
Perchance he ſeeks not as he ſhould, nor when:
Another ſearches when he ſhould, but there
He fails; not ſeeking as he ſhould, nor where:
Whoſe ſoul deſires the good it wants, and would
Obtain, muſt ſeek Where, As, and When he ſhould:
How often have my wild affections led
My waſted ſoul to this my widdow'd bed,
To ſeek my Lover, whom my ſoul deſires!
(I ſpeak not, *Cupid*, of thy wanton fires:
Thy fires are all but dying ſparks to mine;
My flames are full of Heav'n, and all Divine)
How often have I ſought this bed, by night,
To find that greater by this leſſer light!

How

How oft have my unwitneſt grones lamented
Thy deareſt abſence! Ah how often vented
The bitter tempeſts of deſpairing breath,
And toſt my ſoul upon the waves of death!
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of ſilent tears, (tears louder then a voyce)
To plead my grief, and woo thy abſent eare!
And yet thou wilt not come, thou wilt not heare:
O is thy wonted love become ſo cold?
Or do mine eyes not ſeek thee where they ſhould?
Why do I ſeek thee, if thou art not here?
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry where?
I ſee my errour; 'T is not ſtrange I could not
Find out my love: I ſought him where I ſhould not.
Thou art not found in downy beds of eaſe;
Alas, thy muſick ſtrikes on harder keyes:
Nor art thou found by that falſe, feeble light
Of Natures candle; Our Ægyptian night
Is more then common darkneſſe; nor can we
Expect a morning, but what breaks from thee.
Well may my empty bed bewail thy loſſe,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy ſhamefull croſſe:
If thou refuſe to ſhare a bed with me,
We'll never part, I'll ſhare a croſſe with thee.

ANSELM.

ANSELM. in Protolog. cap. 1.

Lord, if thou art not preſent, where ſhall I ſeek thee abſent? If every where, why do I not ſee thee preſent? Thou dwelleſt in light inacceſſible; and where is that inacceſſible light? Or how ſhall I have acceſſe to light inacceſſible? I beſeech thee, Lord, teach me to ſeek thee, and ſhew thy ſelf to the ſeeker; becauſe I can neither ſeek thee, unleſſe thou teach me, nor find thee, unleſſe thou ſhew thy ſelf to me: Let me ſeek thee, in deſiring thee, and deſire thee in ſeeking thee; Let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.

EPIG. 10.

Where ſhouldſt thou ſeek for reſt, but in thy bed?
But now thy reſt is gone, thy reſt is fled:
'T is vain to ſeek him there: My ſoul be wiſe;
Go ask thy ſinnes; they 'll tell thee where he lies,

X.

I will rise now & goe about the citie in the Streetes & in the broad wayes I will seeke him whom my Soule loveth I sought him but I found him not · Cant: 3 · 2: Wil. Simp Son

XI.

Canticles 3. 2.

I will riſe, and go about in the City, and will ſeek him that my ſoul loveth : I ſought him, but I found him not.

1

O How my diſappointed ſoul's perplext!
How reſtleſſe thoughts ſwarm in my troubled breaſt!
How vainly pleas'd with hopes, then croſſely vext
With fears! and how betwixt them both diſtreſt!
What place is left unranſack'd? Oh, where next
Shall I go ſeek the Authour of my reſt?
Of what bleſt Angel ſhall my lips enquire
The undiſcover'd way to that entire
And everlaſting ſolace of my hearts deſire!

2

Look how the ſtricken Hart that wounded flies
Ov'r hills and dales, and ſeeks the lower grounds
For running ſtreams, the whilſt his weeping eyes
Beg ſilent mercy from the following Hounds,
At length, emboſt, he droops, drops down, and lies
Beneath the burden of his bleeding wounds:
Ev'n ſo my gaſping ſoul, diſſolv'd in tears,
Doth ſearch for thee, my God, whoſe deafned ears
Leave me th' unranſom'd Priſner to my panick fears.

Where

3

Where have my buſie eyes not pry'd? O where,
Of whom hath not my thred-bare tongue demanded?
I ſearch'd this glorious City; he 's not here:
I ſought the Countrey; ſhe ſtands empty handed;
I ſearch'd the Court; he is a ſtranger there:
I ask'd the land; he 's ſhipp'd: the ſea, he 's landed:
I climb'd the air, my thoughts began t' aſpire;
But ah, the wings of my too bold deſire,
Soaring too near the Sunne, were ſing'd with ſacred fire.

4

I mov'd the Merchants eare; alas, but he
Knew neither what I ſaid, nor what to ſay:
I ask'd the Lawyer; he demands a fee,
And then demurrs me with a vain delay:
I ask'd the Schoolman; his advice was free,
But ſcor'd me out too intricate a way:
I ask'd the Watch-man (beſt of all the foure)
Whoſe gentle anſwer could reſolve no more,
But that he lately left him at the Temple doore.

5

Thus having ſought, and made my great inqueſt
In ev'ry place, and ſearch'd in ev'ry ear;
I threw me on my bed; but ah! my reſt
Was poyſon'd with th' extremes of grief and fear,
Where looking down into my troubled breaſt,
The Magazine of wounds, I found him there:
Let others hunt, and ſhew their ſportfull Art;
I wiſh to catch the Hare before ſhe ſtart,
As Potchers uſe to do; Heav'ns form 's a troubled heart.

S. Ambros.

S. Ambros. lib. 3. de Virg.

Chriſt is not in the market, not in the ſtreets: For Chriſt is Peace, in the market are ſtrifes: Chriſt is Juſtice, in the market is iniquitie: Chriſt is a Labourer, in the market is idleneſſe: Chriſt is Charity, in the market is ſlander: Chriſt is Faith, in the market is fraud: Let us not therefore ſeek Chriſt, where we cannot find Chriſt.

S. Hieron. Ep. 22. ad Euſtoch.

Jeſus is jealous: He will not have thy face ſeen: Let fooliſh Virgins ramble abroad, ſeek thou thy Love at home.

Epig. 11.

What loſt thy love? will neither bed nor board
Receive him? Not by tears to be implor'd?
It is the Ship that moves, and not the Coaſt;
I fear, I fear, my ſoul, 't is thou art loſt.

VIII.

I am yet him whom my Soule loveth! It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found Him whom my Soule loveth. I held Him and would not let him goe. Cant: 3. 4. with him only.

XII.

CANTICLES 3. 3.

Have you ſeen him whom my ſoul loveth? When I had paſt a little from them, then I found him, I took hold on him, & left him not.

1

WHat ſecret corner? what unwonted way
Has ſcap'd the ranſack of my rambling thought?
The Fox by night, nor the dull Owl by day,
Have never ſearch'd thoſe places I have ſought,
Whilſt thy lamented abſence taught my breaſt
The ready road to grief, without requeſt;
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had reſt.

2

How hath my unregarded language vented
The ſad tautologies of laviſh paſſion?
How often have I languiſh'd unlamented!
How oft have I complain'd without compaſſion!
I ask't the Citie-watch, but ſome deny'd me;
The common ſtreet, whilſt others would miſguide me,
Some would debar me; ſome, divert me; ſome, deride me.

3

Mark how the widow'd Turtle, having loſt
The faithfull partner of her loyall heart,
Stretches her feeble wings from coaſt to coaſt,
Haunts ev'ry path; thinks ev'ry ſhade doth part
Her abſent Love, and her; at length unſped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,
And there bewails her everlaſting widow-head:

4

So when my ſoul had progreſt ev'ry place,
That love and dear affection could contrive,
I threw me on my couch, reſolv'd t' embrace
A death for him, in whom I ceas'd to live:
But there injurious Hymen did preſent
His lanskip joyes; my pickled eyes did vent
Full ſtreams of briny tears, tears never to be ſpent.

5

Whilſt thus my ſorrow-waſting ſoul was feeding
Upon the rad'call humour of her thought,
Ev'n whilſt mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleeding,
He that was ſought, unfound, was found unſought.
As if the Sun ſhould dart his orbe of light
Into the ſecrets of the black-brow'd night:
Ev'n ſo appear'd my Love, my ſole, my ſouls delight.

6

O how mine eyes now raviſh'd at the ſight
Of my bright Sun ſhot flames of equall fire!
Ah! how my ſoul diſſolv'd with ov'r-delight,
To re-enjoy the Crown of chaſt deſire!
How ſov'reigne joy depos'd and diſpoſſeſt
Rebellious grief! And how my raviſh'd breaſt——
But who can preſſe thoſe heights, that cannot be expreſt?

7

O how theſe arms, theſe greedy arms did twine,
And ſtrongly twiſt about his yielding waſt!
The ſappy branches of the Theſpian Vine
Nev'r cling'd their leſſe beloved Elm ſo faſt;
Boaſt not thy flames, blind boy, nor feather'd ſhot;
Let Hymens eaſie ſnarles be quite forgot:
Time cannot quench our fires, nor death diſſolve our knot.

ORIG. Hom. 10. in diverſ.

O moſt holy Lord, and ſweeteſt Maſter, how good art thou to thoſe that are of upright heart, and humble ſpirit! O how bleſſed are they that ſeek thee with a ſimple heart! How happy that truſt in thee! It is a moſt certain truth, that thou loveſt all that love thee, and never forſakeſt thoſe that truſt in thee: For behold thy Love ſimply ſought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: She truſted in thee, and is not forſaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, then ſhe expected from thee.

BEDA in cap. 3. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I ſought, the more earneſtly I held him being found.

EPIG. 12.

What? found him out? let ſtrong embraces bind him;
He'll fly perchance where tears can never find him.
New ſinnes will loſe what old repentance gains:
Wiſedome not onely gets, but got retains.

XIII.

It is good for me to draw neare to yᵉ Lord
I haue put my trust in yᵉ Lord God.
Ps: 73. 28. *Will Simpson Sculpsit*

XIII.

Psalm 72. 28.

It is good for me to draw near to God; I have put my truſt in the Lord God.

WHere is that Good, which wiſemen pleaſe to call
The Chiefeſt? Doth there any ſuch befall
Within mans reach? Or is there ſuch a Good at all?

If ſuch there be, it neither muſt expire,
Nor change; then which there can be nothing higher:
Such Good muſt be the utter point of mans deſire.

It is the Mark, to which all hearts muſt tend;
Can be deſired for no other end,
Then for it ſelf, on which all other goods depend.

What may this Excellence be? doth it ſubſiſt
A reall Eſſence, clouded in the midſt
Of curious Art, or clear to ev'ry eye that liſt?

Or is 't a tart Idea, to procure
An edge, and keep the practick ſoul in ure,
Like that dear Chymick duſt, or puzzling Quadrature?

Where ſhall I ſeek this Good? where ſhall I find
This Cath'lick pleaſure, whoſe extremes may bind
My thoughts, and fill the gulf of my inſatiate mind?

Lies it in Treaſure? In full heaps untold?
Doth gowty *Mammons* griping hand infold
This ſecret Saint in ſacred ſhrines of ſov'reigne gold?

No, no; ſhe lies not there; wealth often ſowrs
In keeping; makes us hers, in ſeeming ours;
She ſlides from Heav'n indeed, but not in *Danae*'s ſhowrs.

Lives ſhe in honour? no. The royall Crown
Builds up a creature, and then batters down:
Kings raiſe thee with a ſmile, and raze thee with a frown.

In pleaſure? no. Pleaſure begins in rage;
Acts the fools part on earths uncertain ſtage;
Begins the Play in youth, and Epilogues in age.

Theſe, theſe are baſtard-goods; the beſt of theſe
Torment the ſoul with pleaſing it, and pleaſe,
Like water gulp'd in fevers, with deceitfull eaſe.

Earths flatt'ring dainties are but ſweet diſtreſſes:
Mole-hils perform the mountains ſhe profeſſes;
Alas, can earth confer more good then earth poſſeſſes?

Mount, mount my ſoul, and let thy thoughts caſhier
Earths vain delights, and make their full carier
At Heav'ns eternall joyes; ſtop, ſtop thy Courſer there.

There ſhall thy ſoul poſſeſſe uncarefull treaſure;
There ſhalt thou ſwim in never-fading pleaſure;
And blaze in honour farre above the frowns of *Cæſar*.

Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall
On thee, the chiefeſt Good, no need to call
For earths inferiour traſh; Thou, thou art All in All.

S. Auguſt.

S. Augustᵀ. Soliloqu. cap. 13.

I follow this thing: I pursue that; but am filled with nothing. But when I found thee, who art that immutable, individed, and onely good, in my self, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what I obtained not, I grieved not; with what I was possest, my whole desire was satisfied.

S. Bernᵀ. Ser. 9. sup. beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit: let him brag of the burden of the day; let him boast of his Sabbath fasts, and let him glory that he is not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the Lord, and to put my trust in my Lord God.

Epg. 13.

Let *Boreas* blasts, and *Neptunes* waves be joyn'd,
Thy *Eolus* commands the waves, the wind:
Fear not the rocks or worlds imperious waves:
Thou climbst a rock (my soul) a rock that saves.

XIV.

I sat vnder the shadoue of him whom I haue desired. Cane: 2 Will sim son sculp:

XIV.

CANTICLES 2. 3.

I ſat under his ſhadow with great delight, and his fruit was ſweet to my taſt.

1

LOok how the ſheep, whoſe rambling ſteps do ſtray
From the ſafe bleſſing of her Shepherds eyes
Eſtſoon, becomes the unprotected prey
To the wing'd ſquadron of beleagring flies;
Where ſweltred with the ſcorching beams of day,
She friſks from buſh to brake, and wildly flies
From her own ſelf, ev'n of her ſelf afraid;
She ſhrouds her troubled brows in ev'ry glade,
And craves the mercy of the ſoft removing ſhade.

2

Ev'n ſo my wand'ring Soul, that hath digreſt
From her great Shepherd, is the hourely prey
Of all my ſinnes. Theſe vultures in my breaſt
Gripe my Promethean heart both night and day:
I hunt from place to place, but find no reſt;
I know not where to go, nor where to ſtay:
The eye of vengeance burns, her flames invade
My ſwelt'ring ſoul: My ſoul hath oft aſſaid,
But ſhe can find no ſhrowd, but ſhe can feel no ſhade.

3

I ſought the ſhades of Mirth, to wear away
My ſlow-pac'd hours of ſoul-conſuming grief;
I ſearch'd the ſhades of ſleep, to eaſe my day
Of griping ſorrows with a nights reprief;
I ſought the ſhades of death; thought there t' allay
My finall torments with a full relief:
But mirth, nor ſleep, nor death can hide my houres
In the falſe ſhades of their deceitfull bowrs;
The firſt diſtracts, the next diſturbs, the laſt devours.

4

Where ſhall I turn? To whom ſhall I apply me?
Are there no ſtreams where a faint ſoul may wade?
Thy Godhead, JESUS, are the flames that fry me;
Hath thy All-glorious Deity never a ſhade,
Where I may ſit and vengeance never eye me,
Where I might ſit refreſht or unaffraid?
Is there no comfort? Is there no refection?
Is there no cover that will give protection
T' a fainting ſoul, the ſubject of thy wraths reflexion?

5

Look up, my ſoul, advance the lowly ſtature
Of thy ſad thoughts; advance thy humble eye:
See, here 's a ſhadow found: The humane nature
Is made the Umbella to the Deity.
To catch the Sun-beams of thy juſt Creatour;
Beneath this covert thou maiſt ſafely lie:
Permit thine eyes to climbe this fruitfull tree,
As quick *Zacheus* did, and thou ſhalt ſee
A cloud of dying fleſh betwixt thoſe beams and thee.

GUILL.

GUILL. in cap. 2. Cant.

Who can indure the fierce rayes of the Sunne of Justice? Who shall not be consumed by his beams? Therefore the Sun of Justice took flesh, that through the conjunction of that Sun and this humane body a shadow may be made.

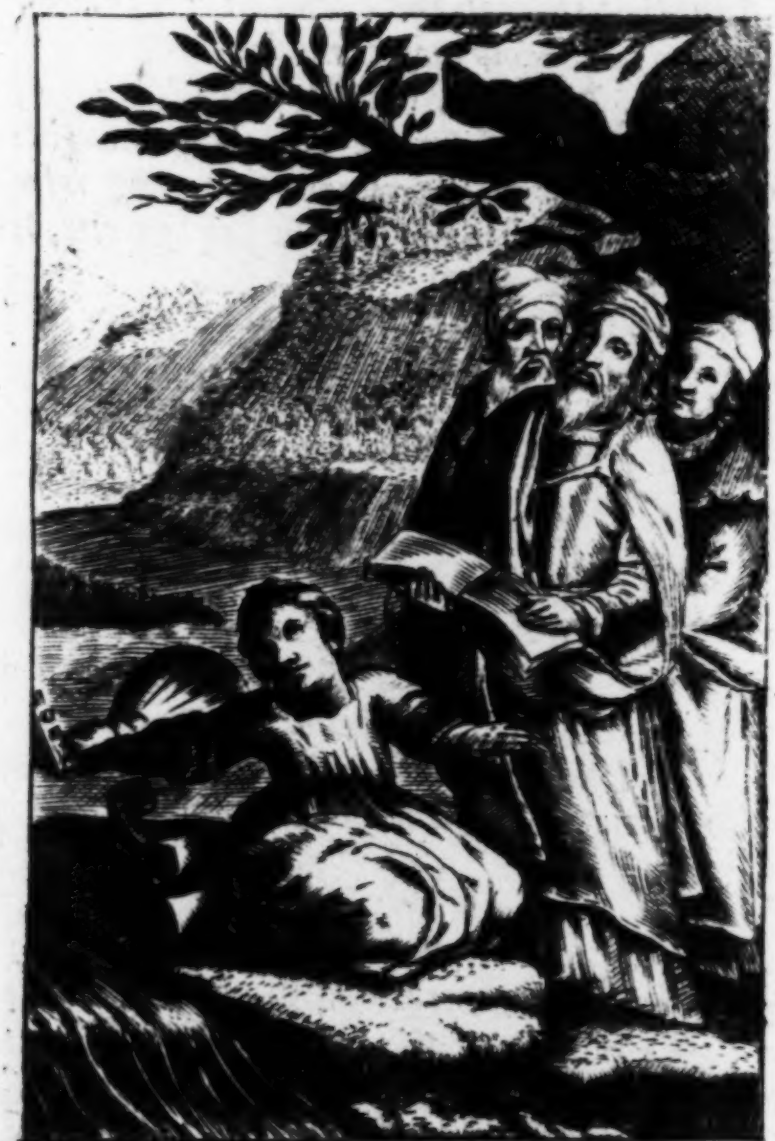
S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

Lord, let my soul flee from the scorching thoughts of the world under the covert of thy wings, that being refreshed by the moderation of thy shadow, she may sing merrily, In peace will I lay me down and rest.

EPIG. 14.

Ah, treach'rous soul, would not thy pleasures give
That Lord which made thee living leave to live?
See what thy sinnes have done: thy sinnes have made
The Sunne of Glory now become thy shade.

XV.



How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strang Land vers. seul.

XV.

PSALM 137. 4.

How ſhall we ſing a ſong of the Lord in a ſtrange land?

URge me no more: this airy mirth belongs
To better times: theſe times are not for ſongs.
The ſprightly twang of the melodious Lute
Agrees not with my voice; and both unſuit
My untun'd fortunes: the affected meaſure
Of ſtrains that are conſtrain'd afford no pleaſure.
Muſick 's the Child of mirth; where griefs aſſail
The troubled ſoul, both voyce and fingers fail:
Let ſuch as ravil out their laviſh dayes
In honourable riot; that can raiſe
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a ſprite
Of madneſſe by the Magick of delight;
Let thoſe of *Cupids* hoſpitall, that lie
Impatient Patients to a ſmiling eye,
That cannot reſt, untill vain hope beguile
Their flatter'd torments with a wanton ſmile;
Let ſuch redeem their peace, and ſalve the wrongs
Of froward Fortune with their frolick ſongs:
My grief, my grief 's too great for ſmiling eyes
To cure, or counter-charms to exorcize.
The Ravens diſmall croaks; the midnight howls
Of empty Wolues, mixt with the ſcreech of Owls;
The nine ſad knowls of a dull paſſing Bell,
With the loud language of a nightly knell,

And

And horrid out-cries of revenged crimes,
Joyn'd in a medley's muſick for theſe times:
Theſe are no times to touch the merry ſtring
Of *Orpheus*; no, theſe are no times to ſing.
Can hide-bound Priſners, that have ſpent their ſouls
And famiſh'd bodies in the noyſome holes
Of hell-black dungeons, apt their rougher throats,
Grown hoarſe with begging alms, to warble notes?
Can the ſad Pilgrime, that hath loſt his way
In the vaſt deſart; there condemn'd a prey
To the wild ſubject, or his ſavage King,
Rouze up his palſey ſmitten ſpir'ts, and ſing?
Can I a Pilgrime, and a Priſner too,
(Alas) where I am neither known, nor know
Ought but my torments, an unranſom'd ſtranger
In this ſtrange climate, in a land of danger?
O, can my voyce be pleaſant, or my hand,
Thus made a Priſner to a forrein land?
How can my muſick reliſh in your ears,
That cannot ſpeak for ſobs, nor ſing for tears?
Ah, if my voyce could, *Orpheus*-like, unſpell
My poore *Eurydice*, my ſoul from hell
Of earths miſconſtru'd Heav'n, O then my breaſt
Should warble airs, whoſe rhapſodies ſhould feaſt
The ears of Seraphims, and entertain
Heav'ns higheſt Deity with their lofty ſtrain,
A ſtrain well drencht in the true Theſpian Well,
Till then, earths *S*emiquaver, mirth, farewell.

S. Augustr.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 33.

O infinitely happy are those Heavenly virtues which are able to praise thee in holinesse and puritie, with excessive sweetnesse and inutterable exultation! From thence they praise thee, from whence they rejoyce, because they continually see for what they rejoyce, for what they praise thee: But we prest down with this burden of flesh, far removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praise thee: We praise thee by faith; not face to face: but those Angelicall spirits praise thee face to face, and not by faith.

EPIG. 15.

Did I refuse to sing? said I these times
Were not for songs? nor musick for these climes?
It was my errour: are not grones and tears
Harmonious raptures in th' Almighties ears?

XV.

I charge yow, o yee Daughters of Ierusalem if yee finde my beloved that yow tell him that I am sicke of loue. Can: 5. 8. W. Simpson. sculpsit

THE FIFTH BOOK.

I.

CANTICLES 5. 8.

I charge you, O daughters of Jeruſalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am ſick of love.

1

YOu holy Virgins, that ſo oft ſurround
The cities Saphire walls, whoſe ſnowy feet
Meaſure the pearly paths of ſacred ground,
And trace the new Jerus'lems Jaſper ſtreet;
Ah, you whoſe care-forſaken hearts are crown'd
With your beſt wiſhes; that enjoy the ſweet
Of all your hopes; If e'r you chance to ſpie
My abſent Love, O tell him that I lie
Deep wounded with the flames that furnac'd from his eye.

2

I charge you, Virgins, as you hope to heare
The heav'nly muſick of your Lovers voice;
I charge you by the ſolemne faith ye bear
To plighted vows, and to that loyall choice
Of your affections, or, if ought more dear
You hold; by Hymen, by your marriage joyes,
I charge you tell him, that a flaming dart,
Shot from his eye hath pierc'd my bleeding heart;
And I am ſick of love, and languiſh in my ſmart.

3

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breaſt
Is ſcorch'd with flames, and how my ſoul is pin'd;
Tell him, O tell him, how I lie oppreſt
With the full torments of a troubled mind;
O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jeſt,
But I in earneſt; tell him, he's unkind:
But if a diſcontented frown appears
Upon his angry brow, accoaſt his ears
With ſoft and fewer words, and act the reſt in tears.

4

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive
My ſoul of peace, while peace in vain ſhe ſeeks;
Tell him thoſe damask roſes, that did ſtrive
With white, both fade, upon my ſallow cheeks;
Tell him, no token doth proclaim I live,
But tears, and ſighs, and ſobs, and ſudden ſhrieks;
Thus if your piercing words ſhould chance to bore
His hearkning ear, and move a ſigh, give ore
To ſpeak; and tell him-- Tell him, that I could no more.

5

If your elegious breath ſhould hap to rouze
A happy tear, cloſe harb'ring in his eye,
Then urge his plighted faith, the ſacred vows,
Which neither I can break, nor he deny;
Bewail the torments of his loyall ſpouſe,
That for his ſake would make a ſport to die:
O bleſſed Virgins, how my paſſion tires
Beneath the burden of her fond deſires!
Heav'n never ſhot ſuch flames, earth never felt ſuch fires!

S. Auguſt.

S. Augustr. Med. cap. 40.

what ſhall I ſay? what ſhall I do? whither ſhall I go? where ſhall I ſeek him? or when ſhall I find him? whom ſhall I ask? who will tell my beloved that I am ſick of love?

Gulielm. in Cap. 5. Cant.

I live, but not I: it is my beloved that liveth in me: I love my ſelf, not with my own love, but with the love of my beloved that loveth me: I love not my ſelf in my ſelf, but my ſelf in him, and him in me.

Epig. 1.

Grieve not (my ſoul) nor let thy love wax faint,
Weep'ſt thou to loſe the cauſe of thy complaint?
He 'll come; Love ne'r was bound to times nor laws:
Till then thy tears complain without a cauſe.

II.

Stay me with Flowers; Comfort me with Apples, for I am sick of loue. Cant: 2.5.

Will: Marshall sculpsit.

II.

Canticles 2. 5.

Stay me with flowers, and comfort me with apples, for I am sick with love.

1

O Tyrant love! how doth thy sov'reigne pow'r
Subject poore souls to thy imperious thrall!
They say, thy cup 's compos'd of sweet and sowre;
They say, thy diet 's honey mixt with gall;
How comes it then to passe, these lips of our,
Still trade in bitter; tast no sweet at all?
O tyrant love! Shall our perpetuall toil
Ne'r find a Sabbath, to refresh awhile
Our drooping souls? Art thou all frowns, and ne'r a smile?

2

You blessed Maids of honour that frequent
The royall courts of our renown'd Jehove,
With flow'rs restore my spirits faint and spent;
O fetch me apples from Loves fruitfull grove,
To cool my palate, and renew my sent,
For I am sick, for I am sick of love:
These will revive my dry, my wasted pow'rs,
And they will sweeten my unsav'ry houres;
Refresh me then with fruit, and comfort me with flow'rs.

3

O bring me apples to aſſwage that fire,
Which Ætna-like inflames my flaming breaſt;
Nor is it every apple I deſire,
Nor that which pleaſes every palate beſt;
'T is not the laſting Deuzan I require,
Nor yet the red-cheek'd Queening I requeſt;
Nor that which firſt beſhrewd the name of wife,
Nor that whoſe beauty caus'd the golden ſtrife;
No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.

4

Virgins, tuck up your ſilken laps, and fill ye
With the fair wealth of *Floras* Magazine;
The purple violet, and the pale-fac'd lilly;
The pancy and the organ colombine;
The flowring thyme, the guilt-boul daffadilly;
The lowly pink, the lofty eglentine:
The bluſhing roſe, the queen of flowers, and beſt
Of *Floras* beauty; but above the reſt,
Let *Jeſſes* ſovereigne flower perfume my qualming breaſt.

5

Haſte, Virgins, haſte, for I lie weak and faint,
Beneath the pangs of love; why ſtand ye mute,
As if your ſilence neither car'd to grant,
Nor yet your language to deny my ſuit?
No key can lock the doore of my complaint,
Untill I ſmell this flower, or taſt that fruit;
Go, Virgins, ſeek this tree, and ſearch that bow'r;
O, how my ſoul ſhall bleſſe that happy houre,
That brings to me ſuch fruit, that brings me ſuch a flower.

GISTEN. in cap. 2. Cant. Expoſ. 3.

O happy ſickneſſe, where the infirmitie is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O happy fever, that proceedeth not from a conſuming, but a calcining fire! O happy diſtemper, wherein the ſoul reliſheth no earthly things, but onely ſavoureth divine nouriſhment!

S. BERN. Serm. 51. in Cant.

By flowers underſtand faith; by fruit, good works: As the flower or bloſſome is before the fruit, ſo is faith before good works: So neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.

EPIG. 2.

Why apples, O my ſoul? Can they remove
The pangs of grief, or eaſe the flames of love?
It was that fruit which gave the firſt offence;
That ſent him hither; that remov'd him hence.

III.

My Beloued is mine and I am his, He feedeth among the Lilies. Cant: 2.16.

Will: Simpson. sculp:

III.

CANTICLES 2. 16.

My beloved is mine, and I am his; He feedeth among the lillies.

1

EV'n like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That waſh the pebbles with their wanton ſtreams,
And having rang'd and ſearch'd a thouſand nooks,
Meet both at length in ſilver-breaſted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoyn:
So I my beſt-beloveds am; ſo he is mine.

2

Ev'n ſo we met; and after long purſuit,
Ev'n ſo we joyn'd; we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a ſuit,
For I was flax and he was flames of fire:
Our firm united ſouls did more then twine;
So I my beſt-beloveds am; ſo he is mine.

3

If all thoſe glitt'ring Monarchs that command
The ſervile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their ſhares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin;
The world 's but theirs; but my beloved 's mine.

Nay

4

Nay more; If the fair Theſpian Ladies all
Should heap together their diviner treaſure:
That treaſure ſhould be deem'd a price too ſmall
To buy a minutes leaſe of half my pleaſure.
'T is not the ſacred wealth of all the nine
Can buy my heart from him, or his, from being mine.

5

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow
My leaſt deſires unto the leaſt remove;
He 's firmly mine by oath; I his by vow;
He 's mine by faith; and I am his by love;
He 's mine by water; I am his by wine;
Thus I my beſt-beloveds am; thus he is mine.

6

He is my Altar; I, his Holy Place;
I am his gueſt; and he, my living food;
I 'm his by penitence; he mine by grace;
I 'm his by purchaſe; he is mine, by bloud;
He 's my ſupporting elm; and I his vine:
Thus I my beſt-beloveds am; thus he is mine.

7

He gives me wealth, I give him all my vows:
I give him ſongs; he gives me length of dayes:
With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows:
And I his Temples with a crown of Praiſe,
Which he accepts as an ev'rlaſting ſigne,
That I my beſt-beloveds am; that he is mine.

S. Augustr.

S. AUGUST. Manu. cap. 24.

O my ſoul ſtampt with the image of thy God; love him of whom thou art ſo much beloved: bend to him that boweth to thee, ſeek him that ſeeketh thee: Love thy lover, by whoſe love thou art prevented, being the cauſe of thy love: Be carefull with thoſe that are carefull, want with thoſe that want; be clean with the clean, and holy with the holy: chooſe this friend above all friends, who when all are taken away remaineth onely faithfull to thee: In the day of thy buriall, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring Lions prepared for their prey.

EPIG. 3.

Sing, Hymen, to my ſoul: What? loſt and found?
Welcom'd eſpous'd, enjoy'd ſo ſoon, and crown'd!
He did but climb the Croſſe, and then came down
[illegible] gates of hell; triumph'd, and fetch'd a Crown.

IV.

I am my beloveds, & his Desire is towards mee. Cant: 7. 10. W: Simpson fe:

IV.

CANTICLES 7. 10.

I am my Beloveds, and his deſire is towards me.

1

LIke to the Artick needle, that doth guide
The wand'ring ſhade by his Magnetick pow'r,
And leaves his ſilken Gnomon to decide
The queſtion of the controverted houre,
Firſt franticks up and down, from ſide to ſide,
And reſtleſſe beats his cryſtall'd Iv'ry caſe
With vain impatience; jets from place to place,
And ſeeks the boſome of his frozen bride,
At length he ſlacks his motion, and doth reſt
His trembling point at his bright Poles beloved breſt.

2

Ev'n ſo my ſoul, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that preſents delight,
Fain would be ſettled, but ſhe knowes not where;
She likes at morning what ſhe loaths at night?
She bowes to honour; then ſhe lends an eare
To that ſweet ſwan-like voyce of dying pleaſure,
Then tumbles in the ſcatter'd heaps of treaſure;
Now flatter'd with falſe hope; now foyl'd with fear:
Thus finding all the worlds delights to be
But empty toyes, good God, ſhe points alone to thee.

But

3

But hath the virtued ſteel a power to move?
Or can the untouch'd needle point aright?
Or can my wandring thoughts forbear to rove,
Unguided by the virtue of thy ſpirit?
O hath my leaden ſoul the art t' improve
Her waſted talent, and unrais'd, aſpire
In this ſad moulting time of her deſire?
Not firſt belov'd have I the power to love?
I cannot ſtirre, but as thou pleaſe to move me,
Nor can my heart return thee love, untill thou love me.

4

The ſtill Commandreſſe of the ſilent night
Borrows her beams from her bright brothers eye;
His fair aſpect filles her ſharp horns with light,
If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd and die:
Even ſo the beams of thy enlightning ſpirit
Infus'd and ſhot into my dark deſire,
Inflame my thoughts, and fill my ſoul with fire,
That I am raviſht with a new delight;
But if thou ſhroud thy face, my glory fades,
And I remain a *Nothing*, all compos'd of ſhades.

5

Eternall God, O thou that onely art
The ſacred Fountain of eternall light,
And bleſſed Loadſtone of my better part,
O thou my hearts deſire, my ſouls delight,
Reflect upon my ſoul, and touch my heart,
And then my heart ſhall prize no good above thee;
And then my ſoul ſhall know thee; knowing, love thee;
And then my trembling thoughts ſhall never ſtart
From thy commands, or ſwerve the leaſt degree,
Or once preſume to move, but as they move in thee.

S. Augustr.

S. Augustr. Med. Cap. 25.

If Man can love man with ſo entire affection, that the one can ſcarce brook the others abſence? If a bride can be joyned to her bride-groom with ſo great an ardency of mind, that for the extremitie of love ſhe can enjoy no reſt, not ſuffering his abſence without great anxiety, with what affection, with what fervency ought the ſoul whom thou haſt eſpouſed by faith and compaſsion, to love thee her true God and glorious bridegroom?

Epig. 4.

My ſoul, thy love is dear: 'Twas thought a good
And eaſie pen'worth of thy Saviours bloud:
But be not proud; All matters rightly ſcann'd,
'Twas over-brought: 'Twas ſold at ſecond hand.

I.

My Soule melted, when my beloved spake. Cant: 5. 6.

Will: Simpson fecit:

V.

Canticles 5. 6.

My Soul melted whilſt my Beloved ſpake.

LOrd, has the feeble voyce of fleſh and bloud
The pow'r to work thine ears into a floud
Of melted mercy? or the ſtrength t' unlock
The gates of Heav'n, and to diſſolve a rock
Of marble clouds into a morning ſhow'r?
Or hath the breath of whining duſt the pow'r
To ſtop, or ſnatch a falling thunderbolt
From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolt
From reſolute confuſion, and in ſtead
Of vyals poure full bleſſings on our head?
Or ſhall the wants of famiſht ravens cry,
And move thy mercy to a quick ſupply?
Or ſhall the ſilent ſuits of drooping flow'rs
Woo thee for drops, and be refreſh'd with ſhow'rs?
Alas, what marvel then, great God, what wonder
If thy hell-rouzing voice, that ſplits in ſunder
The brazen portals of eternall death;
What wonder if that life-reſtoring breath
Which dragg'd me from th' infernall ſhades of night,
Should melt my raviſht ſoul with ore-delight?
O can my frozen gutters chooſe but run,
That feel the warmth of ſuch a glorious Sun?
Me thinks his language, like a flaming arrow,
Doth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded marrow;

Thy flames, *O Cupid* (though the joyfull heart
Feels neither tang of grief, nor fears the ſmart
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full deſires)
Are torments weigh'd with theſe celeſtiall fires;
Pleaſures that raviſh in ſo high a meaſure,
That O I languiſh in exceſſe of pleaſure:
What raviſht heart, that feels theſe melting joyes,
Would not deſpiſe and loath the treach'rous toyes
Of dunghill earth? what ſoul would not be proud
Of wry-mouth'd ſcorns, the worſt that fleſh and bloud
Had rancour to deviſe? Who would not bear
The worlds deriſion with a thankfull eare?
What palat would refuſe full bowls of ſpight,
To gain a minutes taſt of ſuch delight?
Great ſpring of light, in whom there is no ſhade
But what my interpoſed ſinnes have made,
Whoſe marrow-melting fires admit no ſcreen
But what my own rebellions put between
Their precious flames, and my obdurate eare;
Diſperſe theſe plague-diſtilling clouds, and clear
My mungy ſoul into a glorious day;
Tranſplant this ſcreen, remove this barre away,
Then, then my fluent ſoul ſhall feel the fires
Of thy ſweet voyce, and my diſſolv'd deſires
Shall turn a ſov'reigne balſame, to make whole
Thoſe wounds my ſinnes inflicted on thy ſoul.

S. Augustr.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 34.

What fire is this that ſo warmeth my heart! What light is this that ſo enlightneth my ſoul! O fire, that alwayes burneſt, and never goeſt out, kindle me: O light, which ever ſhineſt, and art never darkned, illuminate me: O that I had my heat from thee, moſt holy fire! How ſweetly doſt thou burn! How ſecretly doſt thou ſhine! How deſiderably doſt thou inflame me!

BONAVENT. Stim. amoris cap. 8.

It maketh God man, and man God; things temporall, eternall; mortall, immortall; it maketh an enemy a friend; a ſervant, a ſonne; vile things, glorious; cold hearts fiery, and hard things liquid.

EPIG. 5.

My ſoul, thy gold is true, but full of droſſe;
Thy Saviours breath refines thee with ſome loſſe:
His gentle fornace makes thee pure as true;
Thou muſt be melted, ere th' art caſt anew.

VI.

Whom haue I in heaven but thee? & what desire I on earth in respect of thee. Ps: 73. 25

W. S. fe:

VI.

PSALME 73. 25.

Whom have I in Heaven but thee? and what deſire I on earth in reſpect of thee?

1

I Love (and have ſome cauſe to love) the earth:
She is my Makers creature; therefore good:
She is my Mother, for ſhe gave me birth;
She is my tender Nurſe; ſhe gives me food:
But what 's a Creature, Lord, compar'd with thee?
Or what 's my Mother, or my Nurſe to me?

2

I love the Aire: her dainty ſweets refreſh
My drooping ſoul, and to new ſweets invite me;
Her ſhrill-mouth'd quire ſuſtain me with their fleſh,
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me:
But what 's the Aire or all the ſweets that ſhe
Can bleſſe my ſoul withall, compar'd to thee?

3

I love the Sea: She is my fellow-creature;
My carefull purveyer; ſhe provides me ſtore:
She walls me round; ſhe makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treaſure from a forrein ſhore:
But Lord of oceans, when compar'd with thee,
What is the Ocean, or her wealth to me?

4

To Heav'ns high citie I direct my journey,
Whoſe ſpangled ſuburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplations great atturney,
Tranſcends the cryſtall pavement of the skie:
But what is Heav'n great God, compar'd to thee?
Without thy preſence Heav'n 's no Heav'n to me.

5

Without thy preſence Earth gives no refection;
Without thy preſence Sea affords no treaſure;
Without thy preſence Air 's a rank infection;
Without thy preſence Heav'n it ſelf 's no pleaſure:
If not poſſeſt if not enjoy'd in thee,
What 's Earth, or Sea, or Air, or Heav'n to me?

6

The higheſt Honours that the world can boaſt
Are ſubjects farre too low for my deſire;
The brighteſt beams of glory are (at moſt)
But dying ſparkles of thy living fire:
The proudeſt flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly Glow-worms, if compar'd to thee.

7

Without thy preſence, wealth are bags of cares;
Wiſdome, but folly; Joy, diſquiet ſadneſſe;
Friendſhip is treaſon, and Delights are ſnares;
Pleaſures but pain, and Mirth but pleaſing madneſſe:
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be
Nor have they being, when compar'd with thee.

8

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wiſh nor Sea, nor Land; nor would I be
Poſſeſt of Heav'n, Heav'n unpoſſeſt of thee.

BONAVENT. cap. 1. Soliloq.

Alas, my God, now I underſtand (but bluſh to confeſſe) that the beautie of thy Creatures hath deceived mine eyes, and I have not obſerved that thou art more amiable then all thy Creatures; to which thou haſt communicated but one drop of thy ineſtimable beautie: For who hath adorned the Heavens with ſtarres? Who hath ſtored the air with fowl, the waters with fiſh, the earth with plants and flowers? But what are all theſe but a ſmall ſpark of Divine beauty.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 5. in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing I have all things, becauſe I have Chriſt; Having therefore all things in him, I ſeek no other reward, for he is the univerſall reward.

EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him,
And ſcorn this droſſe within him; that, without him?
Caſt up (my ſoul) thy clearer eye; Behold.
If thou be fully melted, there 's the mold.

VII.

Woe is me that I am conſtrained to dwell with Meſech: & to haue my habitation among the tents of Cedar: Pſal: 120. 4. will: ſimpſon. ſculp: it.

VII.

Psalme 120. 5.

Wo is to me, that I remain in Meſhech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar!

IS Natures courſe diſſolv'd? doth Times glaſſe ſtand?
Or hath ſome frolick heart ſet back the hand
Of Fates perpetuall Clock? will 't never ſtrike?
Is crazy Time grown lazy, faint or ſick
With very Age? or hath that great Pairroyall
Of Adamantine ſiſters late made triall
Of ſome new trade? ſhall mortall hearts grow old
In ſorrow? ſhall my weary arms infold
And underprop my panting ſides for ever?
Is there no charitable hand will ſever
My well-ſpun thred, that my impriſon'd ſoul
May be deliver'd from this dull dark hole
Of dungeon fleſh? O ſhall I, ſhall I never
Be ranſom'd, but remain a ſlave for ever?
It is the lot of man but once to die,
But ere that death how many deaths have I?
What humane madneſſe makes the world affraid
To entertein Heav'ns joy, becauſe convey'd
By th' hand of death? will nakedneſſe refuſe
Rich change of robes, becauſe the man 's not ſpruſe
That brought them? or will povertie ſend back
Full bags of gold, becauſe the bringer 's black?
Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths,
Fill'd with the torments of a thouſand deaths;

Which

Which, being prickt by death (while death deprives
One life) preſents the ſoul a thouſand lives:
O frantick mortall, how hath earth bewitch'd
Thy Bedlam ſoul, which hath ſo fondly pitch'd
Upon her falſe delights! Delights that ceaſe
Before enjoyment finds a time to pleaſe:
Her fickle joyes breed doubtfull fears; her fears
Bring hopefull griefs; her griefs weep fearfull tears;
Tears coyn deceitfull hopes; hopes, carefull doubt,
And ſurly paſſion juſtles paſſion out:
To day we pamper with a full repaſt
Of laviſh mirth; at night we weep as faſt:
To night we ſwim in wealth, and lend; to morrow,
We ſink in want, and find no friend to borrow.
In what a climate doth my ſoul reſide!
Where pale-fac'd murder, the firſt-born of pride,
Sets up her kingdome in the very ſmiles,
And plighted faiths of men-like Crocodiles;
A land, where each embroyd'red ſattin word
Is lin'd with fraud; where *Mars* his lawleſſe ſword
Exiles *Aſtræas* balance; where that hand
Now ſlayes his brother, that new-ſow'd his land:
O that my dayes of bondage would expire
In this lewd ſoyl! Lord, how my ſoul 's on fire
To be diſſolv'd, that I might once obtain
Theſe long'd for joyes, long'd for ſo oft in vain!
If *Moſes*-like I may not live poſſeſt
Of this fair land; Lord, let me ſee 't at leaſt.

S. Augustr.

S. Augustr. Soliloq. cap. 12.

My life is a frail life; a corruptible life; a life, which the more it increaſeth, the more it decreaſeth: The farther it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitfull life, and like a ſhadow, full of the ſnares of death: Now I rejoyce, now I languiſh, now I flouriſh, now infirm, now I live, and ſtraight I die; now I ſeem happy, alwayes miſerable; now I laugh, now I weep: Thus all things are ſubject to mutabilitie, that nothing continueth an houre in one ſtate: O joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without which there is no joy, when ſhall I enter into thee, that I may ſee my God that dwelleth in thee?

Epig. 7.

Art thou ſo weak? O canſt thou not digeſt
An houre of travel for a night of reſt?
Chear up, my ſoul; call home thy ſpirits, and bear
One bad good-friday; full-mouth'd Eaſter 's near.

VIII.

O wretched Man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this Death!

Rom: 7. 24. *Will: Simpson sculp:*

VIII.

ROMANES 7. 24.

O wretched man that I am! who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death?

BEhold thy darling, which thy luſtfull care
Pampers; for which thy reſtleſſe thoughts prepare
Such early cates: for whom thy bubbling brow
So often ſweats, and bankrupt eyes do ow
Such midnight ſcores to nature, for whoſe ſake
Baſe earth is ſainted, the infernall lake
Unfeard, the Crown of glory poorely rated,
Thy God neglected, and thy brother hated:
Behold thy darling, whom thy ſoul affects
So dearly; whom thy fond indulgence decks
And puppets up in ſoft, in ſilken weeds:
Behold thy darling, whom thy fondneſſe feeds
With farre-fetcht delicates, the dear-bought gains
Of ill-ſpent time, the price of half thy pains:
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by thee,
Derides thy nakedneſſe; and when moſt free,
Proclaims her lover ſlave; and being fed
Moſt full, then ſtrikes th' indulgent feeder dead.
What meanſt thou thus, my poore deluded ſoul,
To love ſo fondly? Can the burning cole
Of thy affection laſt without the fuel
Of counter-love? Is thy compeer ſo cruel,
And thou ſo kind, to love unlov'd again?
Canſt thou ſow favours, and thus reap diſdain?

Remember,

Remember, O remember, thou art born
Of royall bloud; remember thou art ſworn
A Maid of Honour in the Court of Heaven;
Remember what a coſtly price was given
To ranſome thee from ſlav'ry thou wert in;
And wilt thou now, my ſoul, turn ſlave again?
The Son and Heir to Heav'ns Triune JEHOVE
Would fain become a ſuiter for thy love,
And offers for thy dow'r his Fathers Throne,
To ſit for Seraphims to gaze upon;
He 'll give thee Honour, Pleaſure, Wealth, and Things
Tranſcending farre the Majeſty of Kings:
And wilt thou proſtrate to the odious charms
Of this baſe ſcullion? ſhall his hollow arms
Hugg thy ſoft ſides? ſhall theſe courſe hands untie
The ſacred Zone of thy virginitie?
For ſhame, degen'rous ſoul, let thy deſire
Be quickned up with more heroick fire;
Be wiſely proud, let thy ambitious eye
Reade nobler objects; let thy thoughts defie
Such am'rous baſeneſſe; let thy ſoul diſdain
Th' ignoble profers of ſo baſe a ſwain;
Or if thy vowes be paſt, and Hymens bands
Have ceremonied your unequall hands,
Annull, at leaſt avoid, thy lawleſſe act
With inſufficiencie, or a precontract:
Or if the act be good, yet maiſt thou plead
A ſecond freedome; for the fleſh is dead.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 16.

How I am joyned to this body, I know not; which when it is healthfull, provoketh me to warre, and being dammaged by warre, affecteth me with grief; which I both love as a fellow-servant, and hate as an utter enemy: It is a pleasant foe, and a perfidious friend. O strange conjunction and alienation: what I fear I embrace, and what I love I am affraid of; before I make warre, I am reconciled, before I enjoy peace I am at variance.

EPIG. 8.

What need that house be dawb'd with flesh and bloud?
Hang'd round with silks and gold? repair'd with food?
Cost idly spent! That cost doth but prolong
Thy thraldome. Fool, thou mak'st thy jail too strong.

IX.

I am in a Streight betwixt two heauens a Desire to Depart & to be wth Christ.
Phil: 1. 23. *Will: Simpson. Sculpsit.*

IX.

PHILIPPIANS 1. 23.

I am in a ſtrait between two, having a deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt.

1

WHat meant our carefull parents ſo to wear,
And laviſh out their ill expended houres,
To purchaſe for us large poſſeſſions here,
Which (though unpurchas'd) are too truly ours?
What meant they, ah what meant they to indure
Such loads of needleſſe labour, to procure
And make that thing our own, which was our own too ſure.

2

What mean theſe liv'ries and poſſeſſive keyes?
What mean theſe bargains, and theſe needleſſe ſales?
What need theſe jealous, theſe ſuſpitious wayes
Of law-divis'd, and law-diſſolv'd entails?
No need to ſweat for gold, wherewith to buy
Eſtates of high-priz'd land; no need to tie
Earth to their heirs, were they but clogg'd with earth as I.

3

O were their ſouls but clogg'd with earth as I,
They would not purchaſe with ſo ſalt an itch;
They would not take of almes, what now they buy;
Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich:
They would not take ſuch pains, project and prog,
To charge their ſhoulders with ſo great a log:
Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.

4

I cannot do an act which earth disdains not;
I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not;
I cannot speak a word which earth profanes not;
I cannot make a vow earth interrupts not:
If I but offer up an early grone,
Or spread my wings to Heav'ns long-long'd for throne,
She darkens my complaints, and drags my offering down.

5

Ev'n like the hawk, (whose keepers wary hands
Have made a prisner to her wething stock)
Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
Makes a rank bate from her forsaken block,
But her too faithfull leash doth soon restrain
Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain;
It gives her loyns a twitch, and tugs her back again.

6

So, when my soul directs her better eye
To Heav'ns bright Pallace (where my treasure lies)
I spread my willing wings, but cannot fly,
Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot rise:
When I but strive to mount the least degree,
Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee;
Lord, how my soul is rackt betwixt the world and thee!

7

Great God, I spread my feeble wings in vain;
In vain I offer my extended hands:
I cannot mount till thou unlink my chain;
I cannot come till thou release my bands:
Which if thou please to break, and then supply
My wings with spirit, th' Eagle shall not fly
A pitch that 's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

BONAVENT.

BONAVENT. cap. 1. Soliloq.

Ah ſweet Jeſus, pierce the marrow of my ſoul with the healthfull ſhafts of thy love, that it may truly burn and melt, and languiſh with the onely deſire of thee; that it may deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with thee: Let it hunger alone for the bread of life; let it thirſt after thee, the ſpring and fountain of eternall light, the ſtream of true pleaſure: let it alwaies deſire thee, ſeek thee, and find thee, and ſweetly reſt in thee.

EPIG. 9.

What? will thy ſhackles neither looſe nor break?
Are they too ſtrong, or is thy arm too weak?
Art will prevail where knotty ſtrength denies;
My ſoul, there's *Aquafortis* in thine eyes.

X.

Bring my soule out of Prison that I may praise thy Name: Ps: 142. 7. will Simpson sculpsit.

X.

Psalm 142. 7.

Bring my ſoul out of priſon, that I may prayſe thy name.

MY Soul is like a bird, my fleſh the cage,
Wherein ſhe wears her weary pilgrimage
Of houres as few as evil, dayly fed
With ſacred wine, and ſacramentall bread;
The keyes that lock her in, and let her out,
Are Birth and Death; 'twixt both ſhe hops about
From perch to perch, from ſenſe to reaſon; then
From higher reaſon down to ſenſe again:
From ſenſe ſhe climbs to faith; where for a ſeaſon
She ſits and ſings; then down again to reaſon:
From reaſon back to faith, and ſtraight from thence
She rudely flutters to the perch of ſenſe:
From ſenſe, to hope; then hops from hope to doubt:
From doubt, to dull deſpair; there ſeeks about
For deſp'rate freedome, and at ev'ry grate,
She wildly thruſts, and begs th' untimely date
Of unexpired thraldome, to releaſe
Th' afflicted captive, that can find no peace.
Thus am I coop'd within this fleſhly cage
I wear my youth, and waſt my weary age,
Spending that breath which was ordain'd to chaunt
Heav'ns prayſes forth, in ſighes and ſad complaint:
Whilſt happier birds can ſpread their nimble wing
From ſhrubs to cedars, and there chirp and ſing,

In choice of raptures, the harmonious ſtory
Of mans redemption, and his Makers glory:
You glorious Martyrs, you illuſtrious troops,
That once were cloyſter'd in your fleſhly coops,
As faſt as I, what rhet'rick had your tongues?
What dextrous Art had your Elegiak ſongs?
What *Paul-like* pow'r had your admir'd devotion?
What ſhackle-breaking faith infus'd ſuch motion
To your ſtrong prayers, that could obtain the boon
To be inlarg'd, to be uncag'd ſo ſoon?
When I, poore I, can ſing my dayly tears,
Grown old in bondage, and can find no ears:
You great partakers of eternall glory,
That with your Heav'n-prevailing Oratory,
Releas'd your ſouls from your terreſtriall cage,
Permit the paſſion of my holy rage
To recommend my ſorrows, dearly known
To you, in dayes of old, and once your own,
To your beſt thoughts, (but oh 't doth not befit ye
To move your pray'rs; you love and joy, not pittie:)
Great Lord of ſouls to whom ſhould priſners flie,
But thee? Thou hadſt thy cage, as well as I:
And, for my ſake, thy pleaſure was to know
The ſorrows that it brought, and feltſt them too;
O ſet me free, and I will ſpend thoſe dayes,
Which now I waſt in begging, in thy prayſe.

ANSELM.

ANSELM. in Protolog. cap. 1.

O miſerable condition of mankind, that has loſt that for which he was created! Alas, what hath he loſt? And what hath he found? He hath loſt happineſſe for which he was made, and found miſery for which he was not made: what is gone? and what is left? That thing is gone, without which he is unhappy; that thing is left, by which he is miſerable: O wretched men! From whence are we expelled? To what are we impelled? whence are we thrown? And whither are we hurried? From our home into baniſhment; from the ſight of God into our own blindneſſe; from the pleaſure of immortalitie to the bitterneſſe of death: Miſerable change! from how great a good, to how great an evil? Ah me, what have I enterpriſed? what have I done? whither did I go? whither am I come?

EPIG. 10.

Pauls midnight-voyce prevail'd; his muſicks thunder
Unhing'd the priſon doores, ſplit bolts in ſunder:
And ſitſt thou here, and hang'ſt the feble wing?
And whin'ſt to be enlarg'd? ſoul, learn to ſing.

XI.

As the Hart panteth after the waterbrooks so panteth my ſoule after thee O Lord.

Wille Simpſon. Sculpſit

XI.

Psalm 42. 1.

As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, ſo panteth my ſoul after thee, O God.

1

How ſhall my tongue expreſſe that hallow'd fire
Which Heav'n hath kindled in my raviſht heart?
What Muſe ſhall I invoke, that will inſpire
My lowly quill to act a loftie part!
What Art ſhall I deviſe t' expreſſe deſire,
Too intricate to be expreſt by Art!
Let all the nine be ſilent; I refuſe
Their aid in this high task, for they abuſe
The flames of love too much: aſſiſt me, *Davids* Muſe.

2

Not as the thirſty ſoyl deſires ſoft ſhow'rs,
To quicken and refreſh her Embryon grain;
Nor as the drooping creſts of fading flow'rs
Requeſt the bountie of a morning rain,
Do I deſire my God: theſe, in few houres,
Re-wiſh what late their wiſhes did obtein,
But as the ſwift-foot Hart doth wounded flie
To th' much deſired ſtreams, ev'n ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find or die.

Before

3

Before a pack of deep-mouth'd luſts I flee;
O, they have ſingled out my panting heart,
And wanton *Cupid*, ſitting in a tree,
Hath pierc'd my boſome with a flaming dart;
My ſoul being ſpent, for refuge ſeeks to thee,
But cannot find where thou my refuge art:
Like as the ſwift-foot Hart doth wounded flie
To the deſired ſtreams, ev'n ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find or die.

4

At length by flight, I over-went the pack;
Thou drew'ſt the wanton dart from out my wound;
The bloud, that follow'd, left a purple track,
Which brought a Serpent, but in ſhape a Hound:
We ſtrove, he bit me; but thou brak'ſt his back,
I left him grov'ling on th' envenom'd ground;
But as the Serpent-bitten Hart doth flie
To the long-long'd for ſtreams, ev'n ſo did I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find or die.

5

If luſt ſhould chaſe my ſoul, made ſwift by fright,
Thou art the ſtreams whereto my ſoul is bound:
Or if a jav'lin wound my ſides in flight,
Thou art the balſame that muſt cure my wound:
If poyſon chance t' infeſt my ſoul, in ſight,
Thou art the treacle that muſt make me ſound:
Ev'n as the wounded Hart, emboſt, doth flie
To th' ſtreams extremely long'd for, ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find or die.

CYRIL.

CYRIL. lib. 5. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noysome thirst of this world, that scoureth all the stains of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his onely God!

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetnesse, that I may behold thy virtue, and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy; Lord, I thirst: Thou art the spring of life, satisfie me; I thirst Lord, I thirst after thee the living God!

EPIG. 11.

The arrow-smitten Hart, deep wounded, flies
To th' springs with water in his weeping eyes:
Heav'n is thy spring: If Satans fiery dart
Pierce thy faint sides, do so, my wounded Heart.

XII.

When shall I come and appeare before the Lord Ps: 42. 2. W. M. sculp:

XII.

Psalm 42. 2.

When ſhall I come and appear before God?

WHat is my ſoul the better to be tin'd
With holy fire? what boots it to be coyn'd
With Heav'ns own ſtamp? what vantage can there be
To ſouls of Heav'n-deſcended pedegree,
More then to beaſts that grovel? Are not they
Fed by th' Almighties hand? and ev'ry day,
Fill'd with his bleſſing too? Do they not ſee
God in his Creatures as direct as we?
Do they not taſt thee? hear thee? nay, what ſenſe
Is not partaker of thine Excellence?
What more do we? Alas, what ſerves our reaſon,
But, like dark lanthorns, to accompliſh treaſon
With greater cloſeneſſe? It affords no light,
Brings thee no nearer to our purblind ſight;
No pleaſure riſes up the leaſt degree,
Great God, but in the clearer view of thee:
What priv'ledge more then ſenſe hath reaſon than?
What vantage is it to be born a man?
How often hath my patience built, dear Lord,
Vain tow'rs of Hope upon thy gracious Word?
How often hath thy Hope-reviving Grace
Woo'd my ſuſpitious eyes to ſeek thy face!
How often have I ſought thee? Oh how long
Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue
Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could ne'r obtain;
In vain I ſeek thee, and I beg in vain:

If

If it be high preſumption to behold
Thy face, why didſt thou make mine eyes ſo bold
To ſeek it? If that object be too bright
For mans aſpect, why did thy lips invite
Mine eye t' expect it? If it might be ſeen,
Why is this envious curtain drawn between
My darkned eye and it? O tell me, why
Thou doſt command the thing thou doſt deny?
Why doſt thou give me ſo unpriz'd a treaſure,
And then deny it my greedy ſoul the pleaſure
To view thy gift? Alas, that gift is void,
And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd:
If thoſe refulgent beams of Heav'ns great light
Guild not the day, what is the day, but night?
The drouzie ſhepherd ſleeps; flow'rs droop and fade;
The birds are ſullen, and the beaſt is ſad:
But if bright *Titan* dart his golden ray,
And, with his riches, glorifie the day,
The jolly ſhepherd pipes; flow'rs freſhly ſpring;
The beaſt growes gameſome, and the birds they ſing.
Thou art my Sun, great God: O when ſhall I
View the full beams of thy Meridian eye?
Draw, draw this fleſhly curtain, that denies
The gracious preſence of thy glorious eyes;
Or give me faith; and by the eye of grace,
I ſhall behold thee, though not face to face.

S. Auguſt.

S. Augvst. in Pſal. 39.

Who created all things is better then all things; who beautified all things is more beautifull then all things: who made ſtrength is ſtronger then all things: who made great things is greater then all things: Whatſoever thou loveſt he is that to thee: Learn to love the workman in his work, the Creatour in his creature: Let not that which was made by him poſſeſſe thee, leſt thou loſe him by whom thy ſelf was made.

S. Augvst. Med. cap. 37.

O thou moſt ſweet, moſt gracious, moſt amiable, moſt fair, when ſhall I ſee thee? when ſhall I be ſatisfied with thy beautie? When wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confeſſe thy name?

Epig. 12.

How art thou ſhaded in this veil of night,
Behind thy curtain fleſh? thou ſeeſt no light,
But what thy pride doth challenge as her own;
Thy fleſh is hic: ſoul take this curtain down.

XIII.

Oh ye I had the wings of a Doue: for then I would fly away, & be at rest. Ps: 55. 6

W. Simpson. sc.

XIII.

Psalm 55. 6.

O that I had the wings of a Dove, for then I would flie away and be at reſt.

1

And am I ſworn a dunghill ſlave for ever
To earths baſe drudg'ry? ſhall I never find
A night of reſt? ſhall my indentures never
Be cancell'd? did injurious Nature bind
My ſoul earths prentice, with no clauſe to leave her?
No day of freedome? muſt I ever grind?
O that I had the pinions of a Dove,
That I might quit my bands and ſore above,
And poure my juſt complaints before the great Jehove!

2

How happy are the Doves, that have the pow'r,
When ere they pleaſe, to ſpread their ayry wings!
Or cloud-dividing Eagles, that can towre
Above the ſent of theſe inferiour things!
How happy is the Lark, that ev'ry howre
Leaves earth, and then for joy mounts up and ſings!
Had my dull ſoul but wings as well as they,
How I would ſpring from earth and clip away,
As wiſe *Aſtrea* did, and ſcorn this ball of clay!

3

O how my ſoul would ſpurn this ball of clay,
And loath the dainties of earths painfull pleaſure!
O how I 'de laugh to ſee men night and day
Turmoyl, to gain that traſh they call their treaſure!
O how I 'de ſmile to ſee what plots they lay
To catch a blaſt, or own a ſmile from *Ceſar!*
Had I the pineons of a mounting Dove,
How I would ſore and ſing, and hate the love
Of tranſitory toyes, and feed on joyes above!

4

There ſhould I find that everlaſting pleaſure,
Which change removes not, & which chance prevents not;
There ſhould I find that everlaſting treaſure,
Which force deprives not, fortune diſ-augments not;
There ſhould I find that everlaſting *Ceſar*,
Whoſe hand recalls not, and whoſe heart repents not;
Had I the pineons of a clipping Dove,
How I would climb the skies, and hate the love
Of tranſitory toyes, and joy in things above!

5

No rank-mouth'd ſlander there ſhall give offence,
Or blaſt our blooming names, as here they do;
No liver-ſcalding luſt ſhall there incenſe
Our boyling veins. There is no *Cupids* bow:
Lord, give my ſoul the milk-white innocence
Of Doves, and I ſhall have their pineons too:
Had I the pineons of a ſprightly Dove,
How I would quit this earth, and ſore above (Jehove.
And Heav'ns bleſt kingdome find, with Heav'ns bleſt King

S. Augustr.

S. Augustr. in Pſal. 138.

What wings ſhould I deſire but the two precepts of love, on which the Law and the Prophets depend! O if I could obtain theſe wings I could fly from thy face to thy face, from the face of thy Juſtice to the face of thy Mercy: Let us find thoſe wings by love which we have loſt by luſt.

S. Augustr. in Pſal. 76.

Let us caſt off whatſoever hindereth, entangleth, or burdeneth our flight untill we attain that which ſatisfieth; beyond which nothing is; beneath which, all things are; of which, all things are.

Epig. 13.

Tell me, my wiſhing ſoul, didſt ever trie
How faſt the wings of red-croſt faith can flie?
Why begg'ſt thou then the pineons of a Dove?
Faiths wings are ſwifter, but the ſwifteſt love.

XIV.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord of Hosts my Soule longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord.

Ps. 84.

XIV.

Psalm 84. 1.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles O God of Hoſts.

ANcient of dayes, to whom all times are Now,
Before whoſe Glory Seraphims do bow
Their bluſhing cheeks, and veil their blemiſht faces,
That uncontain'd at once, doſt fill all places,
How glorious, O how farre beyond the height
Of puzzled quils, or the obtuſe conceit
Of fleſh and bloud, or the too flat reports
Of mortall tongues, are thy expreſſleſſe courts!
Whoſe glory to paint forth with greater Art,
Raviſh my fancy, and inſpire my heart;
Excuſe my bold attempt, and pardon me
For ſhewing ſenſe what faith alone ſhould ſee.
Ten thouſand millions, and ten thouſand more
Of angel-meaſur'd leagues from th' Eaſtern ſhore
Of dungeon earth this glorious Palace ſtands,
Before whoſe pearly gates ten thouſand bands
Of armed angels wait to entertain
Thoſe purged ſouls for whom the Lamb was ſlain;
Whoſe guiltleſſe death, and voluntary yielding
Of whoſe giv'n life, gave this brave court her building;
The lukewarm bloud of this dear Lamb being ſpilt,
To rubies turn'd, whereof her poſts were built;
And what dropt down in cold and gelid gore,
Did turn rich Saphyres, and impav'd her floore:

The brighter flames, that from his ey-balls ray'd,
Grew Chryſolites, whereof her walls were made:
The milder glances ſparkled on the ground,
And groundſild every doore with Diamond;
But dying, darted upwards, and did fix
A battlement of pureſt Sardonix.
Her ſtreets with burniſht gold are paved round,
Starres lie like pebbles ſcattred on the ground:
Pearl mixt with Onyx, and the Jaſper ſtone,
Made gravell'd cauſwayes to be trampled on:
There ſhines no Sun by day, no Moon by night;
The Pallace glory is the Pallace light:
There is no time to meaſure motion by,
There Time is ſwallow'd with Eternitie:
Wry-mouth'd Diſdain, and corner-haunting Luſt,
And twy-fac'd Fraud, and beetle-brow'd Diſtruſt,
Soul-boyling Rage, and trouble-ſtate Sedition,
And giddy Doubt, and goggle-ey'd Suſpition,
And lumpiſh Sorrow, and degen'rous Fear
Are baniſht thence, and Death's a ſtranger there:
But ſimple Love, and ſempiternall Joyes,
Whoſe ſweetneſſe neither gluts, nor fulneſſe cloyes;
Where face to face our raviſh't eye ſhall ſee
Great ELOHIM, that glorious One in Three,
And Three in One, and ſeeing him ſhall bleſſe him,
And bleſſing, love him, and in love, poſſeſſe him:
Here ſtay my ſoul, and raviſh in relation:
Thy words being ſpent, ſpend now in contemplation.

S. GREG.

S. Greg. in Pſal. 7. pœnitent.

Sweet Jeſus, the word of the Father, the brightneſſe of paternall glory, whom Angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that bleſſed Citie, where day is eternall, where there is certain ſecuritie, and ſecure eternitie, and eternall peace, and peacefull happineſſe, and happy ſweetneſſe, and ſweet pleaſure; where thou O God with the Father and the holy Spirit liveſt and reigneſt world without end.

Ibid.

There is light without darkneſſe; joy without grief; deſire without puniſhment; love without ſadneſſe; ſatietie without loathing; ſafetie without fear; health without diſeaſe; and life without death.

Epig. 14.

My ſoul, pry not too nearly; the complexion
Of *Sols* bright face is ſeen but by reflexion:
But wouldſt thou know what's heav'n? I 'll tell thee what;
Think what thou canſt not think, and heav'n is that.

XV.

Make hast my Beloved, and be Thow like to a Roe, or to a yong Hart vpon the Mountaines of Spices. Cant: 8. 14. will: sur: sc

XV.

Canticles 8. 14.

Make haſt, my Beloved, and be like the Roe, or the young Hart upon the mountains of Spices.

GO, gentle tyrant, go; thy flames do pierce
My ſoul to deep; thy flames are too too fierce;
My marrow melts, my fainting ſpirits fry
I'th' torrid Zone of thy Meridian eye:
Away, away, thy ſweets are too perfuming;
Turn, turn thy face, thy fires are too conſuming:
Haſt hence, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The frighted Ro-buck, and his flying Ro.
But wilt thou leave me then? O thou that art
Life of my ſoul, ſoul of my dying heart,
Without the ſweet aſpect of whoſe fair eyes,
My ſoul doth languiſh and her ſolace dies;
Art thou ſo eaſily woo'd? ſo apt to heare
The frantick language of my fooliſh fear?
Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thine eyes o'rcome me.
O how they wound! but how my wounds content me!
How ſweetly theſe delightfull pains torment me!
How I am tortur'd in exceſſive meaſure
Of pleaſing cruelties too cruel pleaſure!
Turn, turn away, remove thy ſcorching beams;
I languiſh with theſe bitter-ſweet extremes:

Haſt

Haſt then, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The flying Ro-buck, and his frighted Ro.
Turn back, my dear; O let my raviſht eye
Once more behold thy face before thou fly;
What, ſhall we part without a mutuall kiſſe?
O who can leave ſo ſweet a face as this?
Look full upon me; for my ſoul deſires
To turn a holy Martyr in thoſe fires:
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.
If thou becloud the Sun-ſhine of thine eye,
I freez to death, and if it ſhine, I frie;
Which like a fever, that my ſoul hath got,
Makes me to burn too cold, or freez too hot:
Alas, I cannot beat ſo ſweet a ſmart,
Nor canſt thou be leſſe glorious then thou art.
Haſt then, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The frighted Ro-buck, and his flying Ro.
But go not farre beyond the reach of breath;
Too large a diſtance makes another death:
My youth is in her Spring; Autumnall vowes
Will make me riper for ſo ſweet a Spouſe;
When after-times have burniſh'd my deſire,
I 'll ſhoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.
O leave me not, nor turn thy beautie from me;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.

Autor

Autor ſcalæ Paradiſi. Tom. 9. Aug. cap. 8.

Fear not, O Bride, nor deſpair; think not thy ſelf contemned, if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while: All things cooperate for the beſt: both from his abſence, and his preſence thou gaineſt light: He cometh to thee, and he goeth from thee: he cometh, to make thee conſolate; he goeth, to make thee cautious, leſt thy abundant conſolation puff thee up: he cometh that thy languiſhing ſoul may be comforted; he goeth, leſt his familiaritie ſhould be contemned; and being abſent, to be more deſired; and being deſired, to be more earneſtly ſought; and being long ſought, to be more acceptably found.

Epig. 15.

My ſoul, ſinnes monſter, whom, with greater eaſe
Ten thouſand fold, thy God could make then pleaſe;
What wouldſt thou have? nor pleas'd with ſun, nor ſhade?
Heav'n knowes not what to make of what he made.

-vv Fidesque Coronat ad aras.

will: marshall sculp:

THE FAREWELL.

REVELATION 2. 10.

Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.

1

BE faithfull, Lord, what 's that?
Believe: 't is easie to believe; but what?
That he whom thy hard heart hath wounded,
And whom thy scorn hath spit upon,
Hath paid thy fine, and hath compounded
For those foul deeds thy hands have done;
Believe, that he whose gentle palms
Thy needle-pointed sinnes have naild,
Hath born thy slavish load (of alms)
And made supply where thou hast faild:
Did ever mis'ry find so strange relief?
It is a love too strong for mans belief.

2

Believe that he, whose side
Thy crimes have pierc'd with their rebellions, di'd,
To save thy guilty soul from dying
Ten thousand horrid deaths, from whence
There was no scape, there was no flying,
But through his deerest blouds expence:
Believe, this dying friend requires
No other thanks for all his pain,
But ev'n the truth of weak desires,
And for his love, but love again:
Did ever mis'ry find so true a friend?
It is a love too vast to comprehend.

With

3

With flouds of tears baptize
And drench these dry, these unregenerate eyes,
Lord, whet my dull, my blunt belief,
And break this fleshly rock in sunder,
That from this heart, this hell of grief,
May spring a Heav'n of love and wonder:
O, if thy mercies will remove
And melt this lead from my belief,
My grief will then refine my love,
My love will then refresh my grief:
Then weep mine eyes as he hath bled; vouchsafe
To drop for every drop an Epitaph.

4

But is the crown of Glory
The wages of a lamentable story?
Or can so great a purchase rise
From a salt humour? can mine eye
Run fast enough t' obtain this prize?
If so, Lord, who 's so mad to die?
My Thy tears are trifles; thou must do:
Alas, I cannot; then endeavour:
I will; but will a tug or two
Suffice the turn? thou must persever:
I 'll strive till death; and shall my feeble strife
Be crown'd? I 'll crown it with a crown of life.

5

But is there such a dearth
That thou must buy what is thy due by birth?
He whom thy hands did form of dust,
And gave him breath upon condition,
To love his great Creatour, must
He now be thine by composition?

Art

Art thou a gracious God and mild,
Or head-ſtrong man rebellious rather?
O, man's a baſe rebellious child,
And thou a very gracious Father:
The gift is thine; we ſtrive, thou crown'ſt our ſtrife;
Thou giv'ſt us Faith; and Faith, a crown of life.

FINIS.